

D-513

DICK COLE

★ EDISON BELL ★

July

Featuring:

# BLUE BOLT

10¢

**SMASHING**

THEM WITH THE WATER CANNON,  
**THE PHANTOM SUB**  
BATTLES THE JAP PLANES!

Vol. 3 No. 2





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



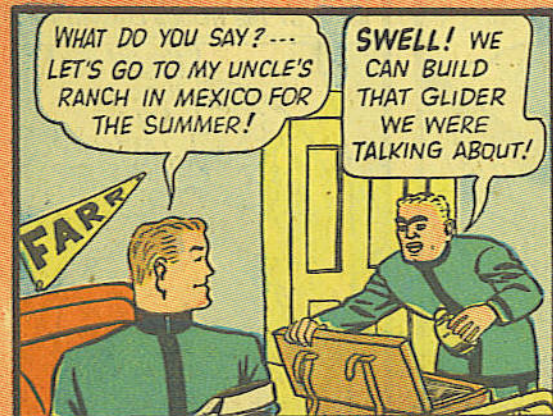
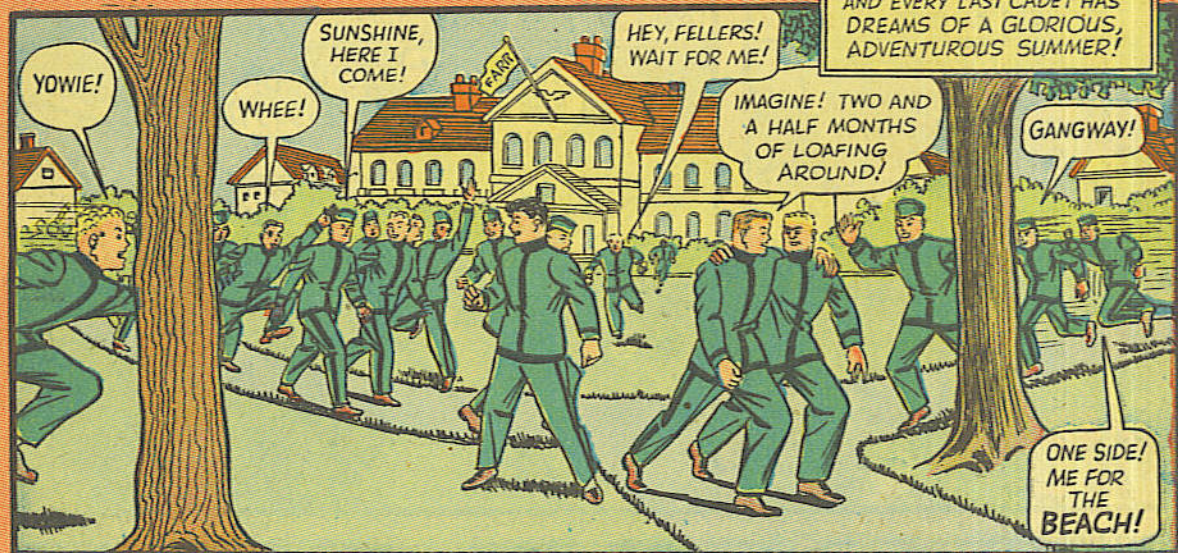
# DICK COLLE

WONDER

BOY!

**SCHOOL'S OUT AT FARR!**

VACATION TIME IS HERE...  
AND EVERY LAST CADET HAS  
DREAMS OF A GLORIOUS,  
ADVENTUROUS SUMMER!



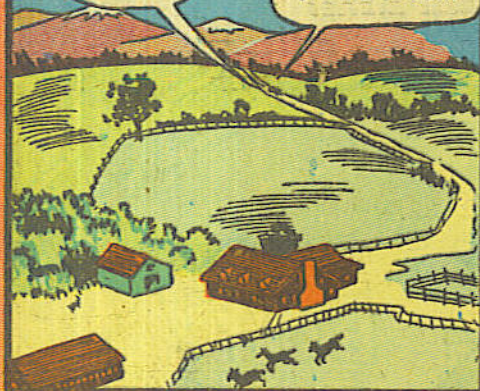
BLUE BOLT, Vol. 3, No. 2, July 1942, published monthly by Novelty Press, Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright, 1942, by Novelty Press, Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class Matter March 20, 1940, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. No living person is named or delineated in this magazine excepting historical personages.



TWO WEEKS LATER...

WOWIE! THERE SHE IS, SIMBA!

WHAT A PLACE! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET STARTED ON THE GLIDER!



SOON THE RANCH IS THE SCENE OF A JOYOUS REUNION ...

BOY! IT'S GREAT TO BE HERE!

THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO!

THE PLACE IS YOURS! HOPE YOU FIND PLENTY TO DO!



DICK AND SIMBA GET TO WORK ON THE GLIDER AT ONCE . . . . .

I GUESS SHE'S JUST ABOUT FINISHED! LET'S HAUL IT TO THAT HILL AND LET IT SLIDE DOWN THE OTHER SIDE!



THEY DRAG IT TO THE HILL, GET IN, AND POINT THE NOSE DOWN. THEN .....

WE'RE OFF! SHE FLIES!

ZINGO! -- THIS IS THE LIFE!



SOON THEY ARE SOARING IN THE THERMALS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE.

DICK! THERE'S A THUNDERHEAD CLOUD OVER THERE! LET'S RIDE IT OUT!

O.K., PAL! HANG ON!



INTO THE THUNDERHEAD ...

SAY! THIS IS KIND OF BUMPY!

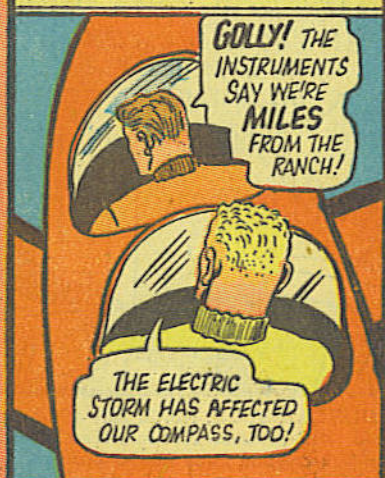
MAYBE IT WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA!



THE SMALL CRAFT IS BUFFETED ABOUT BY THE VICIOUS CURRENTS...

GOLLY! THE INSTRUMENTS SAY WE'RE MILES FROM THE RANCH!

THE ELECTRIC STORM HAS AFFECTED OUR COMPASS, TOO!





HOPELESSLY LOST, THEY ZOOM THROUGH THE  
BOTTOM OF THE CLOUD, AND -

DICK! LOOK AT  
THAT CITY!

ALTEC, TOO!  
I BET IT'S A LOST  
CITY! WE'RE  
GOING DOWN!

THEY COME DOWN IN A HUGE SQUARE!

LOOK AT 'EM RUN!  
THEY MUST THINK  
WE'RE **BIRDS!**

I HOPE THEY  
DON'T **SHOOT**  
US FOR **BIRDS!**  
THEY DON'T LOOK  
TOO FRIENDLY!

AS THE BOYS ALIGHT  
FROM THE PLANE ---

GREETINGS, OH  
BIRD GODS!

SAY! HE SPEAKS  
AN AGE-OLD SPANISH!  
I'LL ANSWER HIM!  
**I KNOW IT!**

THIS IS A LOST  
CITY FOR **SURE!**

GREETINGS,  
HIGH PRIEST!

JUST THEN ...

**THE  
PRINCE!**

THEY ARE  
EVIL SPIRITS!  
**KILL  
THEM!**

**HEY!**



FURIOUS, THE SOLDIERS CHARGE!

HE HIT  
THE  
PRINCE!

**KILL  
THEM!**

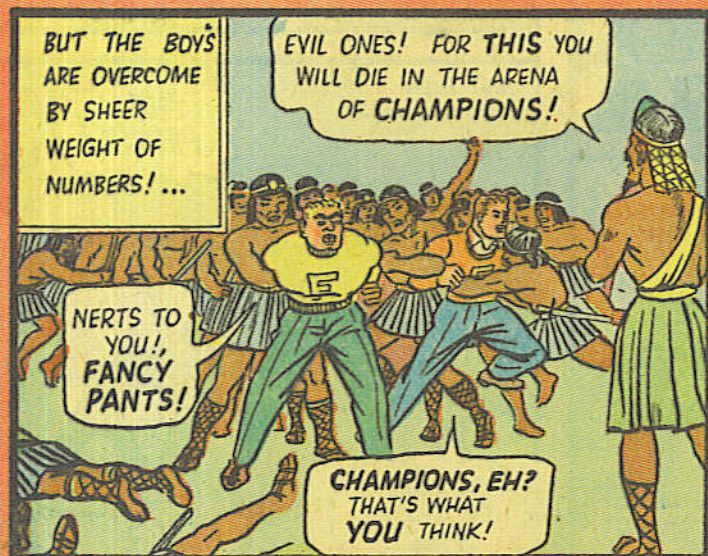
**BACK!  
THEY ARE  
GODS!**

EVIL  
SPIRITS!

**HERE  
THEY COME!**

**GIVE IT  
TO  
THEM!**





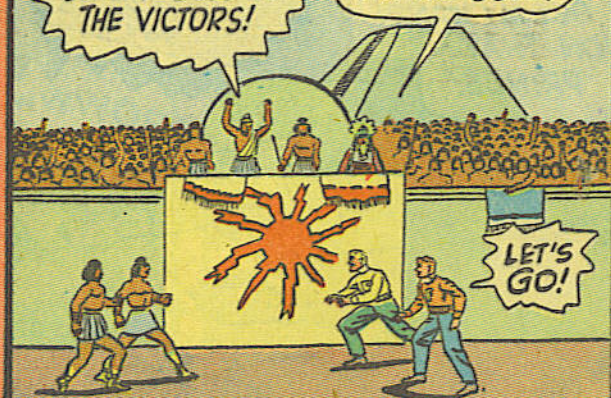


WHILE IN THE ROYAL BOX OVER THE ARENA ---

BEAT THEM TO  
DEATH! GOLD TO  
THE VICTORS!

THIS IS **WRONG!**  
THEY ARE **GODS!**

LET'S  
GO!

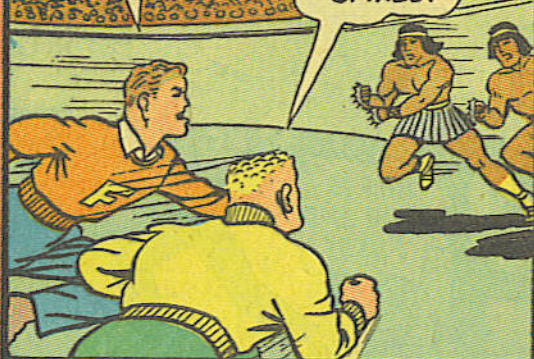


A BLAST ON A TRUMPET --- THE SIGNAL  
TO **BEGIN!**



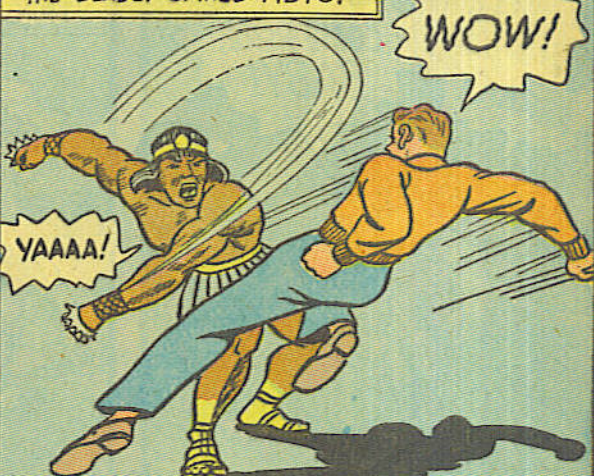
HERE THEY COME!  
INTO THEM! BOX  
'EM, SIMBA! USE  
**SCIENCE!**

I GET YOU!  
THEY CAN'T SWING  
AS FAST AS **WE**  
CAN! --WEARING  
THOSE **HEAVY**  
**SPIKES!**



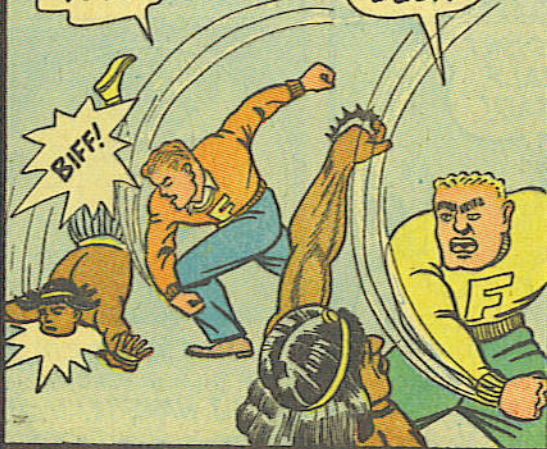
DESPERATELY THE BOYS EVADE  
THE DEADLY SPIKED FISTS!

WOW!



THAT TAKES  
CARE OF  
YOU!

ANOTHER INDIAN  
BITES THE  
DUST!



THEN...

LET IN THE  
LIONS!

HOLY CATS, DICK!  
LIONS!

GOOD  
GOSH!



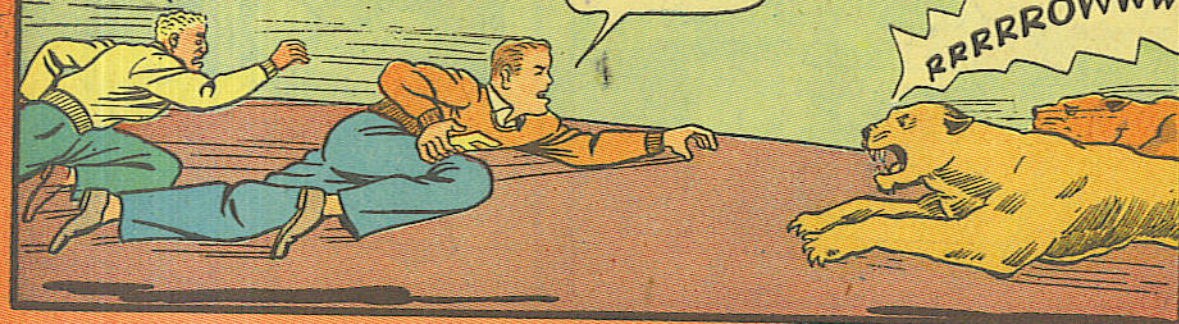


THE BOYS MEET THE LIONS-HEAD ON!

NICE  
PUSSY!

WAIT TILL  
I GET MY HANDS  
ON THAT  
PRINCE!

RRRRROWWW



COME HERE,  
BABY!

RRRAAA

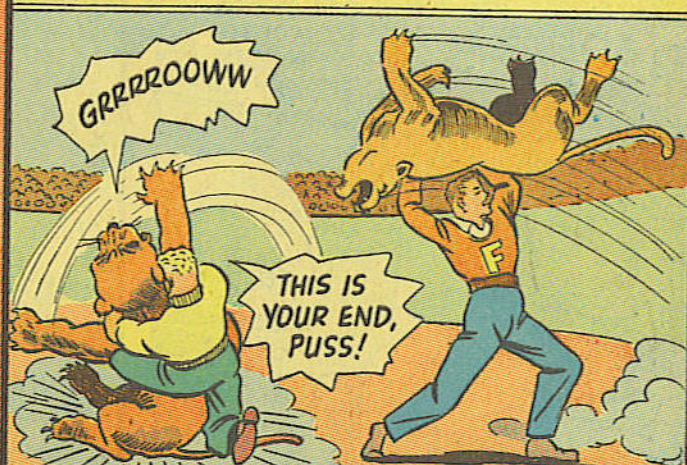
WHAM!



SIMBA GETS A STRANGLE HOLD ON ONE LION, WHILE  
DICK RAISES THE OTHER!

GRRRROOWW

THIS IS  
YOUR END,  
PUSS!



AND SMASHES HIM AGAINST  
THE WALL!

ATTA BOY,  
DICK!

NOW TO GET  
OUT OF HERE!



BUT THE PEOPLE ACCLAIM THE  
BOYS AS TRUE GODS AND LEAD  
THEM TO THE PALACE!

THIS ISN'T  
HALF  
BAD!

THEY THINK WE'RE GODS  
ALL RIGHT! I WONDER WHAT  
COMES NEXT!



BUT THE SLY PRINCE  
SECRETLY PLOTS TO  
HIMSELF!



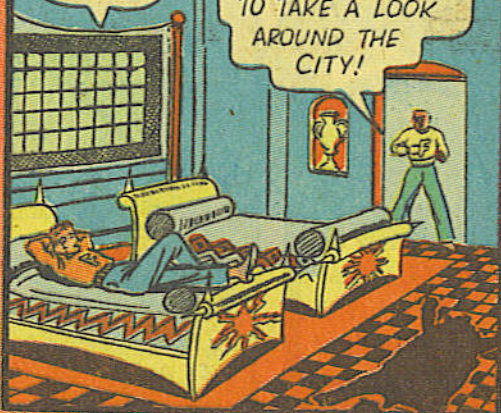
I HAVE TO GET RID  
OF THEM SOMEHOW...  
... I HAVE IT!



THE  
BOYS  
ARE  
GIVEN  
THE  
ROOMS  
OF  
ROYALTY!

THESE SURE  
ARE FANCY  
DIGGIN'S!

AND HOW!  
LET'S HURRY  
UP. I WANT YOU  
TO TAKE A LOOK  
AROUND THE  
CITY!



AS THEY STEP OUTSIDE ---

WHAT  
TH'--

CRASH!

HEY!



THEY LOOK UP IN TIME TO SEE ---

THERE THEY  
ARE!

C'MON! UP THAT  
STAIRCASE AFTER 'EM!



DON'T LET 'EM  
GET AWAY!

THEY  
WON'T!



WHAMO!



AWK!

WISE  
GUYS,  
EH?

TRY TO KILL US,  
WILL YOU?

WHO PUT YOU UP  
TO THIS?

DON'T HURT  
ME! IT WAS  
THE PRINCE!

WOMP!



LEAVING  
THEIR  
ASSAILANTS,  
THE BOYS  
DASH  
THROUGH  
THE CITY  
STREETS  
TO THE  
PALACE  
AND  
BURST  
INTO THE  
PRINCE'S  
ROOM!

THAT'S  
THE  
PUNK!

WHAT'S THE  
IDEA OF  
TRYING TO  
KILL  
US!







YOU TRIED TO KILL  
THE BIRD GODS!  
YOU DOG!



WHY YOU --!

GUARDS, THROW  
THEM ALL INTO  
THE DUNGEON!



NOW I'M  
MAD!

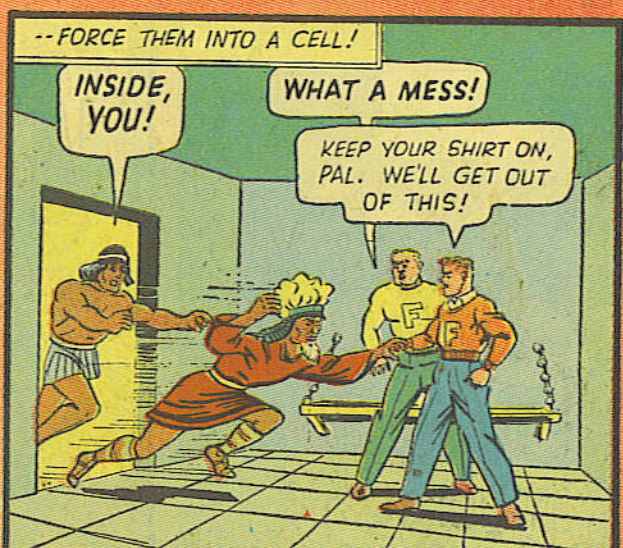
YAHOO!

DICK AND SIMBA TEAR INTO THE  
GUARDS . . . .

BUT THE GUARDS HAVE THE ADVANTAGE  
OF WEAPONS --AND ---



GET  
GOING!



-- FORCE THEM INTO A CELL!

INSIDE,  
YOU!

WHAT A MESS!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON,  
PAL. WE'LL GET OUT  
OF THIS!



AND THE HIGH PRIEST  
KNOWS THE WAY...

IF WE DON'T  
ESCAPE, WE'LL BE  
SACRIFICED ATOP  
THE ALTAR. THIS  
LEADS TO AN OLD  
EXIT. HURRY!

WE'LL GIVE  
YOU A  
HAND!



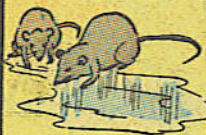
THEY DESCEND INTO  
THE DARK PASSAGE-WAY...

GOSH! IT'S  
DARK!

IT'S A LOT  
BETTER THAN  
STAYING  
HERE!



WATER  
OOZES FROM  
THE WALLS,  
WHILE RATS  
SCURRY  
ABOUT IN THE  
PASSAGEWAY!



BOY! IT'S  
SPOOKEY!

THE WAY IS  
STRAIGHT  
AHEAD!

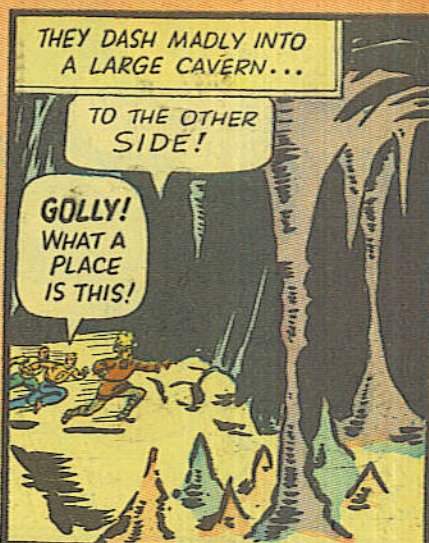
SAY! -- I HEAR SHOUTS  
BEHIND US -- WE'VE BEEN  
DISCOVERED!



THEY DASH MADLY INTO  
A LARGE CAVERN...

TO THE OTHER  
SIDE!

GOLLY!  
WHAT A  
PLACE  
IS THIS!



... AND COME TO A DEAD END!

IT'S A BLANK  
WALL!

WE ARE  
LOST!

NOT YET!  
I HAVE  
AN IDEA!



... COMING FROM THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL  
THEY JUST LEFT, THEY SEE ...

THERE  
THEY  
ARE!

KILL THE  
EVIL  
ONES!



WHEN I GIVE THE  
SIGNAL, SHOUT AS  
LOUD AS YOU CAN,  
AND **HOPE**  
IT WORKS!

I  
GET  
IT!

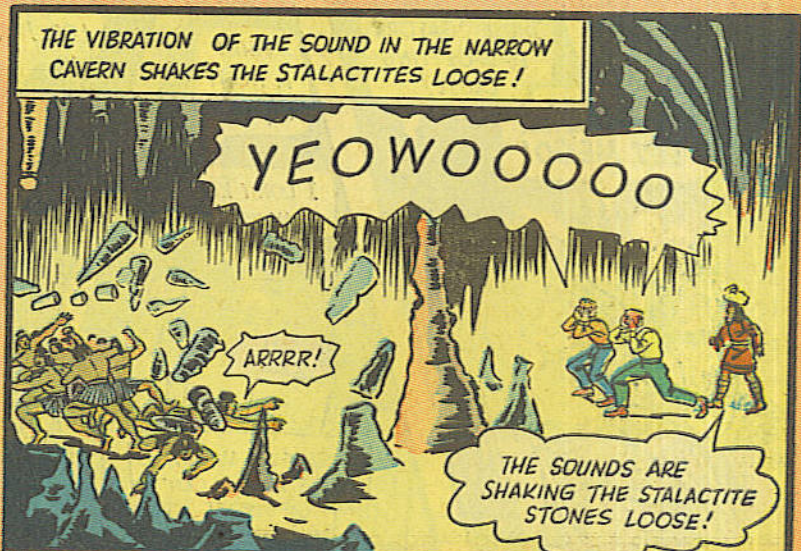


THE VIBRATION OF THE SOUND IN THE NARROW  
CAVERN SHAKES THE STALACTITES LOOSE!

YEOWOOOOO

ARRRR!

THE SOUNDS ARE  
SHAKING THE STALACTITE  
STONES LOOSE!





THE BOYS TEAR INTO THE  
REMAINING SOLDIERS!

NOW THE ODDS ARE EVEN!  
GRAB THEIR WEAPONS,  
SIMBA!

AWK!

RIGHT WITH YOU,  
PAL!

QUICKLY  
THE  
SOLDIERS  
ARE  
DISPERSED  
AND THE  
BOYS TAKE  
THEIR  
SWORDS  
AND  
LOOK  
ABOUT  
FOR AN  
EXIT!

DICK! THERE'S A STREAM  
GOING UNDER THE WALL!

GET THE HIGH  
PRIEST AND  
LET'S GO!

THE THREE  
LEAP INTO THE STREAM!

--- WHICH CARRIES  
THEM INTO A HUGE POOL  
-- AND ON THE BANK! --

ALLIGATORS!  
YE GODS!  
WE'RE DONE  
FOR!

NOT YET!  
GRAB OSWALD  
HERE, AND SEE  
IF WE CAN  
REACH THAT  
LEDGE!

NOW! GIVE HIM  
A BOOST!

THOSE 'GATORS  
ARE GETTING  
CLOSE!

SAVE YOURSELVES!  
LET ME GO!

WHAT  
A TIGHT  
SQUEEZE!

I DON'T KNOW  
HOW TO THANK  
YOU!

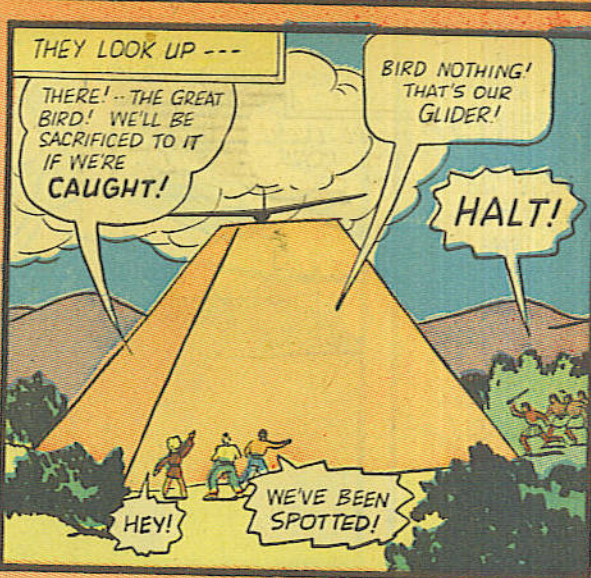
FORGET IT! WE STILL  
HAVE TO GET OUT  
OF HERE!

LOOK! A CRACK IN THE WALL!

AM I GLAD TO  
SEE THAT!

WONDER  
WHERE WE  
ARE!





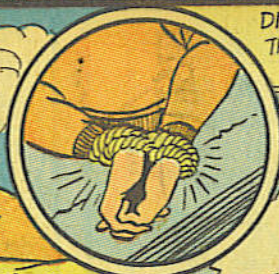


--- QUICKLY  
THEY ARE  
DRAGGED  
TO THE  
TOP OF  
THE  
PYRAMID  
AND  
THROWN  
ON THE  
SACRIFICIAL  
SLABS!

THESE MEN ARE EVIL --  
NOW THEY DIE TO THE  
GREAT BIRD ABOVE!

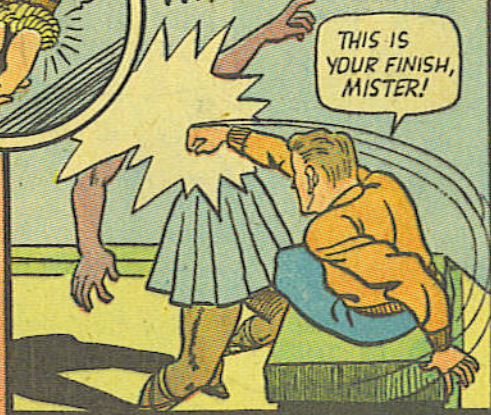


DICK RUBS HIS BONDS AGAINST  
THE ROUGH EDGES OF THE SLAB--  
THEN ...



WHAM!

THIS IS  
YOUR FINISH,  
MISTER!



A SLASH OF THE PRINCE'S KNIFE FREES  
SIMBA AND THE HIGH PRIEST ----

GRAB THOSE  
SOLDIERS, SIMBA!

AAAAAAA

GOT  
EM!



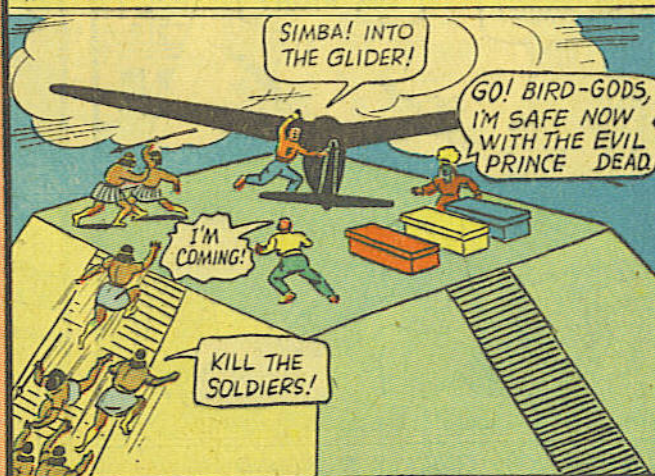
THE PEOPLE, ANGERED BY THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF  
THE GODS AND THE HIGH PRIEST, RUSH THE SOLDIERS!

SIMBA! INTO  
THE GLIDER!

GO! BIRD-GODS,  
I'M SAFE NOW  
WITH THE EVIL  
PRINCE DEAD

I'M  
COMING!

KILL THE  
SOLDIERS!

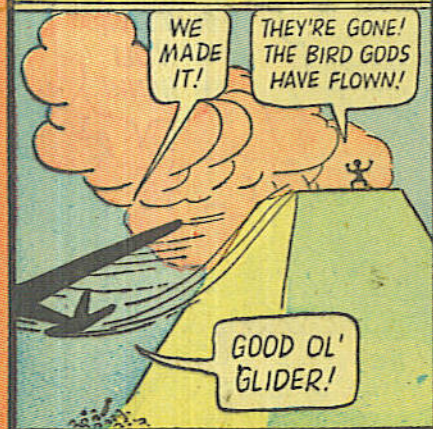


IN THE GLIDER --- THEIR WEIGHT  
FORCES THE NOSE DOWN, AND  
THEY ZOOM OFF!

WE  
MADE  
IT!

THEY'RE GONE!  
THE BIRD GODS  
HAVE FLOWN!

GOOD OL'  
GLIDER!



THE INSTRUMENTS ARE  
O.K. NOW. WE'LL BE  
HOME IN A FEW  
HOURS!

YEAH! I GUESS THE  
OLD PRIEST WILL STRAIGHTEN  
THINGS OUT BACK THERE...  
NOW FOR HOME AND A  
HOT MEAL! I'M STARVED!



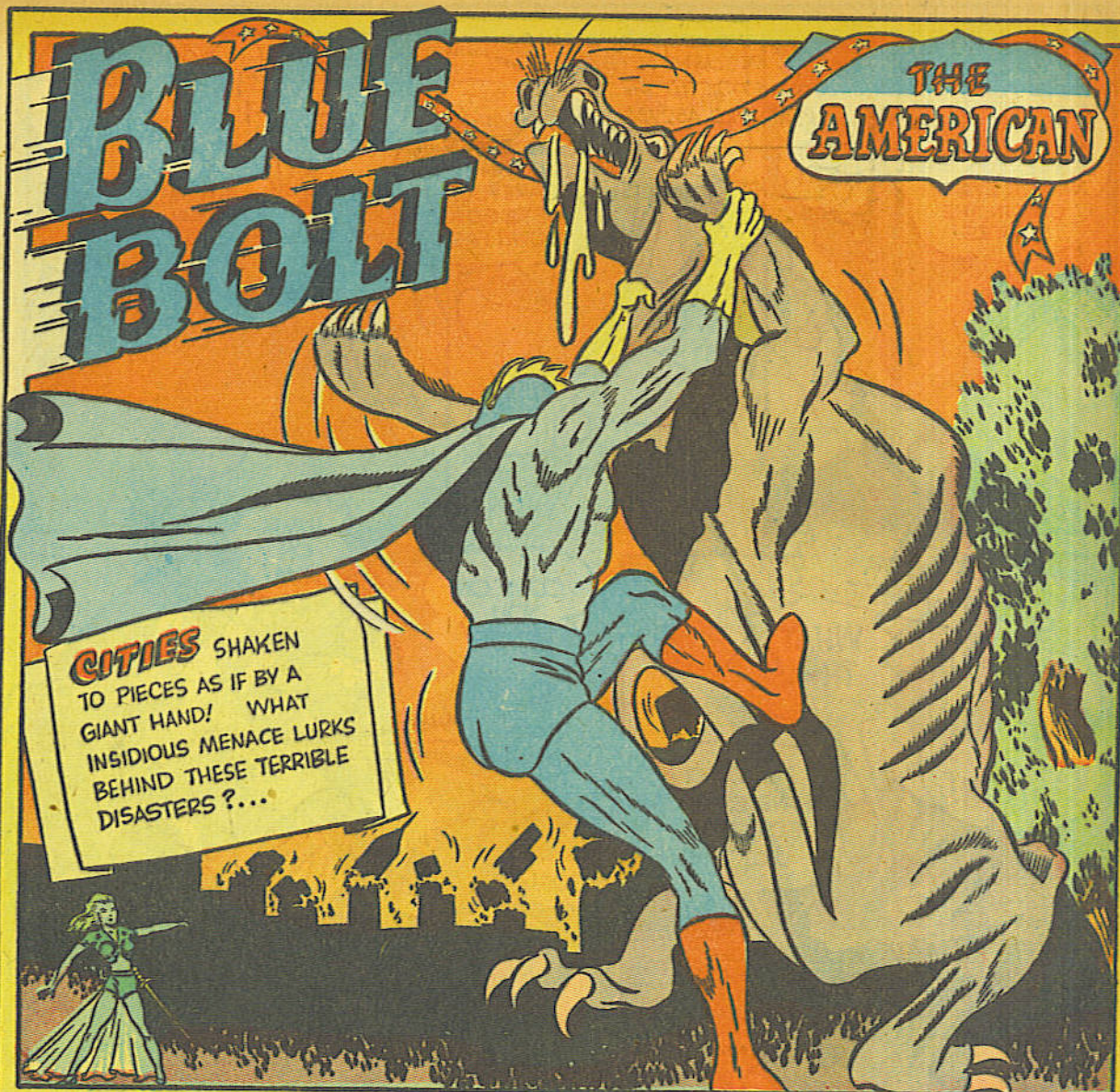
ARE YOU  
HUNGRY FOR  
ADVENTURE?



WELL...  
**DICK COLE  
and SIMBA**

WILL BE  
"PACKING AWAY"  
ANOTHER FAST-MOVING  
YARN WHICH WILL BE  
"EATEN UP"  
IN THE NEXT  
**BLUE BOLT!**





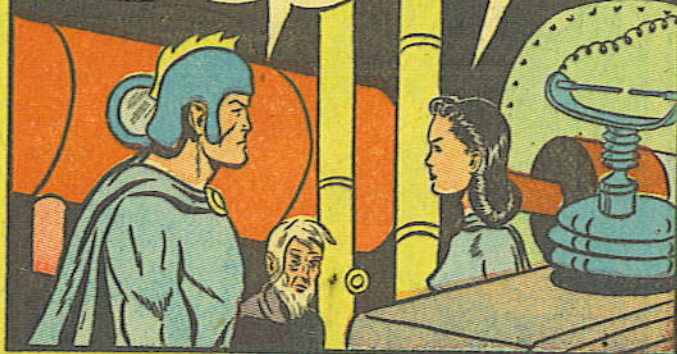
IN THE UNDERGROUND LABORATORY OF DR. BERTOFF...

THIS IS THE GREEN SORCERESS' WORK AGAIN! I'M GOING TO HAVE IT OUT WITH HER ONCE AND FOR ALL!

I'M GOING WITH YOU! I DON'T TRUST THAT HUSSY!

LISTEN! I HAD ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH YOU TWO THE LAST TIME! NO!

OH, NO?





LOIS WINS THE ARGUMENT, AND AN HOUR LATER THEY ARE HEADED FOR THE GREEN KINGDOM.

IF WE DON'T STOP THE **GREEN SORCERESS**, SHE'LL WRECK EVERY CITY IN THE STATES!

I'LL STOP HER!

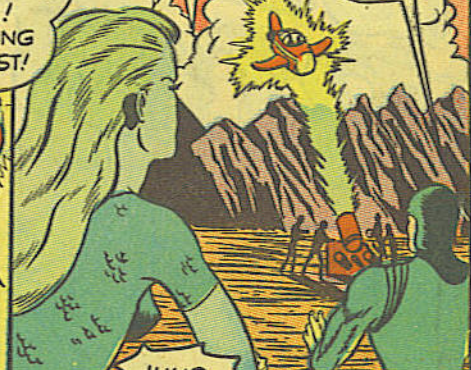
Suddenly A RAY OF LIGHT HITS THE SHIP!

THAT RAY... IT'S DRAGGING US DOWN!

I'LL BET THE **GREEN SORCERESS** IS DOWN THERE! CAREFUL! WE'RE GOING DOWN FAST!

GOT THEM! NOW I'LL GET RID OF THAT GIRL!

GET YOUR GUNS READY!

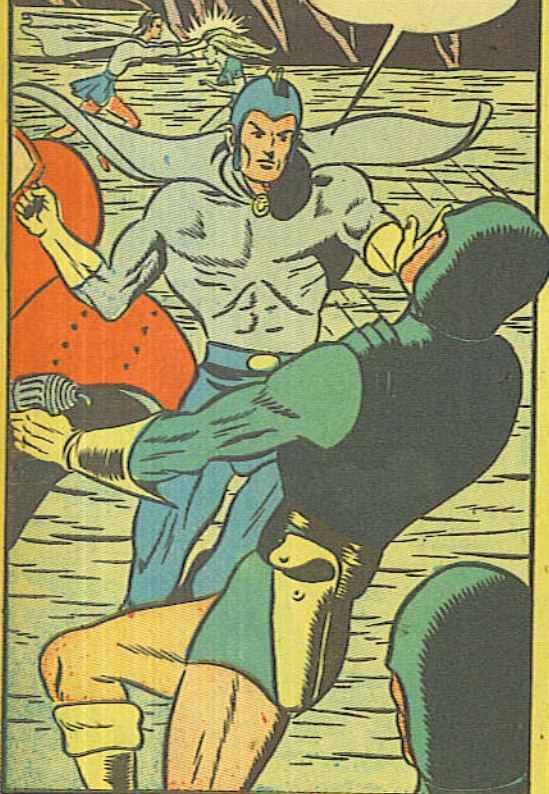


THE SHIP'S DOOR OPENS -- AND ...

NOW I'VE GOT YOU, YOU WITCH!

WHAT TH--!

I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS!

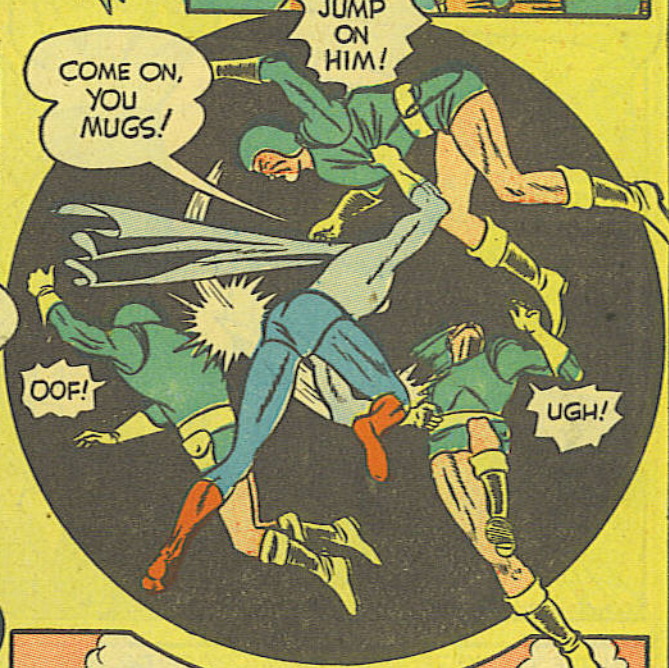


COME ON, YOU MUGS!

JUMP ON HIM!

OOF!

UGH!



LEGGO MY HAIR!

YOU'VE GOT A JOB ON YOUR HANDS BEFORE YOU TAKE US!



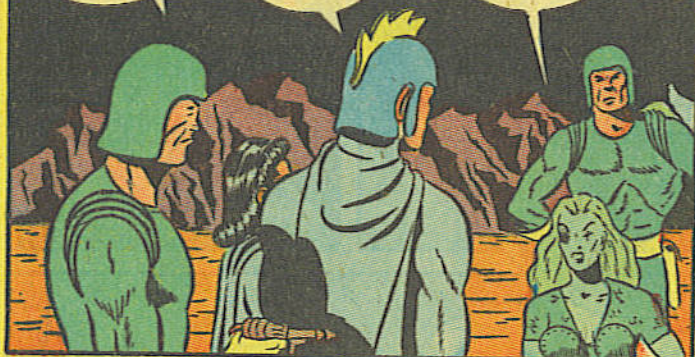


THE SOLDIERS ARE TOO MUCH FOR THE PAIR ---

MAKE A  
MOVE AND  
I'LL  
SHOOT!

NOW  
WHAT  
?

YOU'LL  
FIND  
OUT!



THE GIRL WILL BE THROWN  
INTO THE PIT OF THE MONSTERS!  
AND YOU, **BLUE BOLT**, CAN  
WATCH HER DIE!



IN  
WITH  
HER!

YOU  
FIEND!

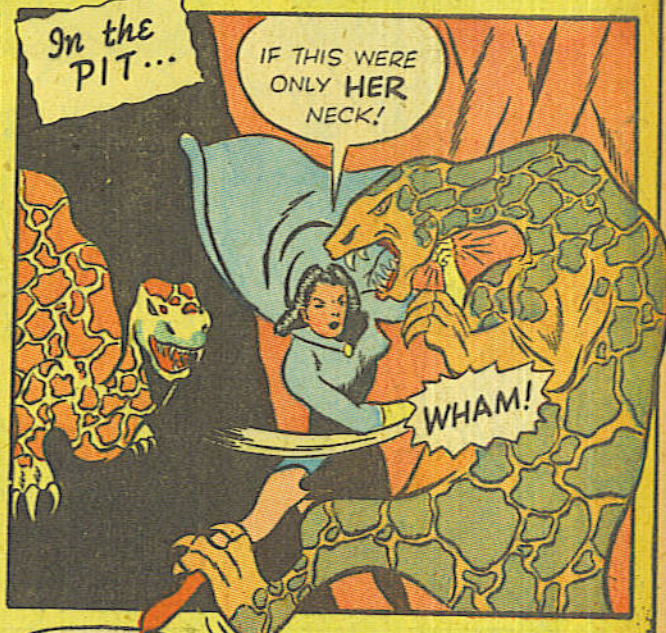
OHH!



In the  
PIT...

IF THIS WERE  
ONLY HER  
NECK!

WHAM!



STAY ON  
YOUR TOES,  
LOIS! LOOK OUT  
FOR THEIR CLAWS!

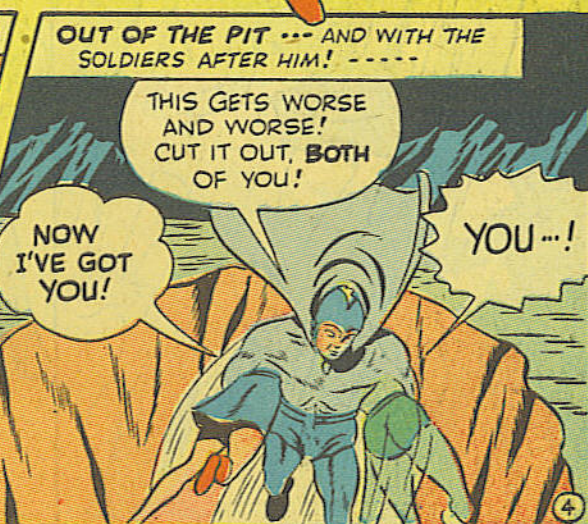
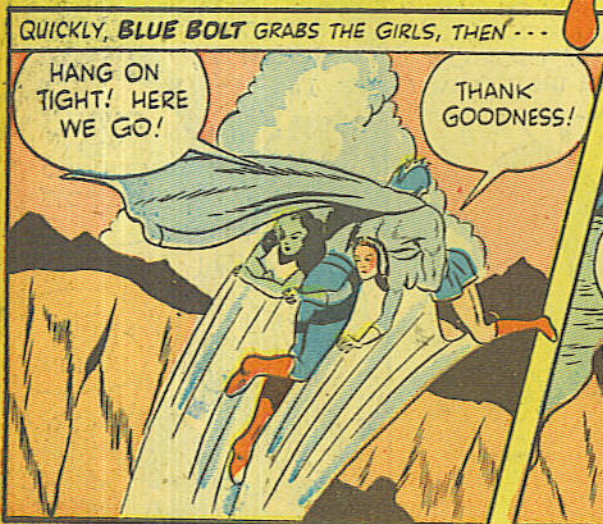
IF LOIS  
GETS HURT,  
I'LL ---

OUCH!  
YOU  
OVERSIZED  
INSECT!

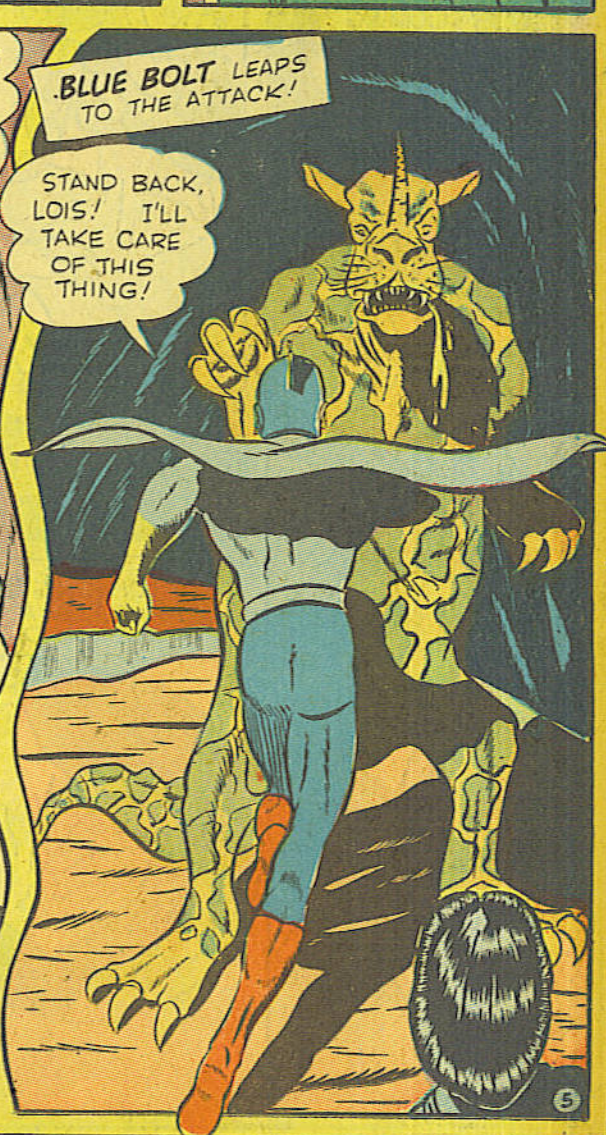
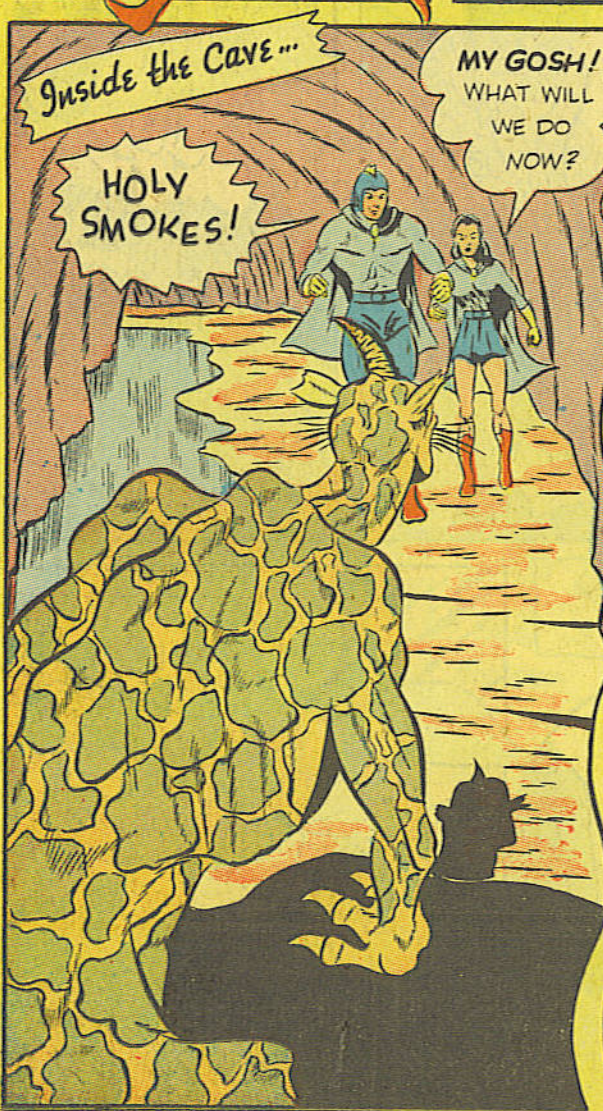
YOU'LL  
DO  
NOTHING!













I CAN'T  
LEAVE HIM  
IN THERE  
TO DIE!

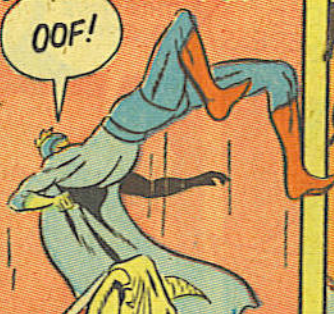


STAY HERE!  
LET NO ONE COME  
OUT! THE  
PLEASURE OF  
KILLING THEM  
IS MINE!

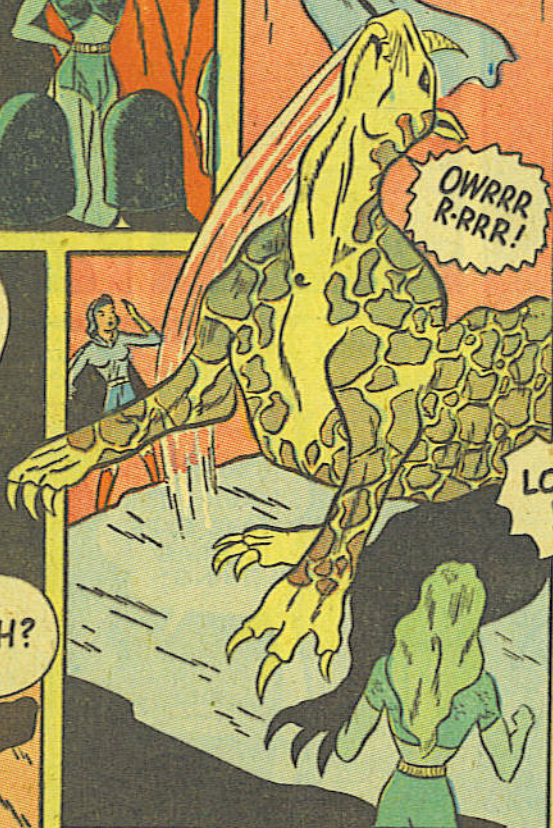


Meanwhile....

OOF!



OWRRR  
R-RRR!



THE GREEN SORCERESS  
SIGNALS, AND ----

IT'S  
GONE!



LOOK  
!

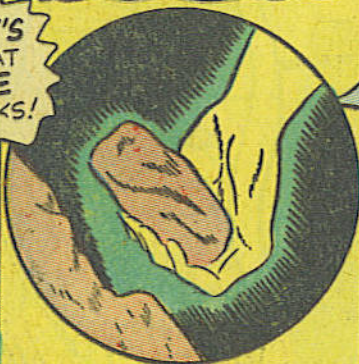
YOU'RE  
COMING  
OUTSIDE  
WITH  
ME!



YEAH?

BUT LOIS GETS HER  
HANDS ON A  
ROCK AND---

THAT'S  
WHAT  
SHE  
THINKS!



I USTA  
PITCH FOR  
THE BLOOMER  
GIRLS!

OOH!





THEN **BLUE BOLT** READS THE THOUGHTS OF THE UNCONSCIOUS **SORCERESS**!



WHY...  
THIS CAVE IS  
WHERE THE  
MACHINE IS--  
THE ONE THAT'S  
WRECKING THE  
CITIES!

HE SLINGS THE **GREEN SORCERESS** OVER HIS SHOULDER ---



I MUST  
LOOK INTO  
THIS  
SET-UP!

HE HAS SOME  
NERVE...  
JUST WAIT!...



THEY START OFF DOWN THE PASSAGEWAY THEN ----



WHAT?  
**MORE**  
OF YOU?

**HALT!**  
WHERE  
ARE YOU  
GOING?

SIC 'EM,  
**BOLTIE!**



**GANGWAY!**

THESE  
GUYS ARE  
EASY!

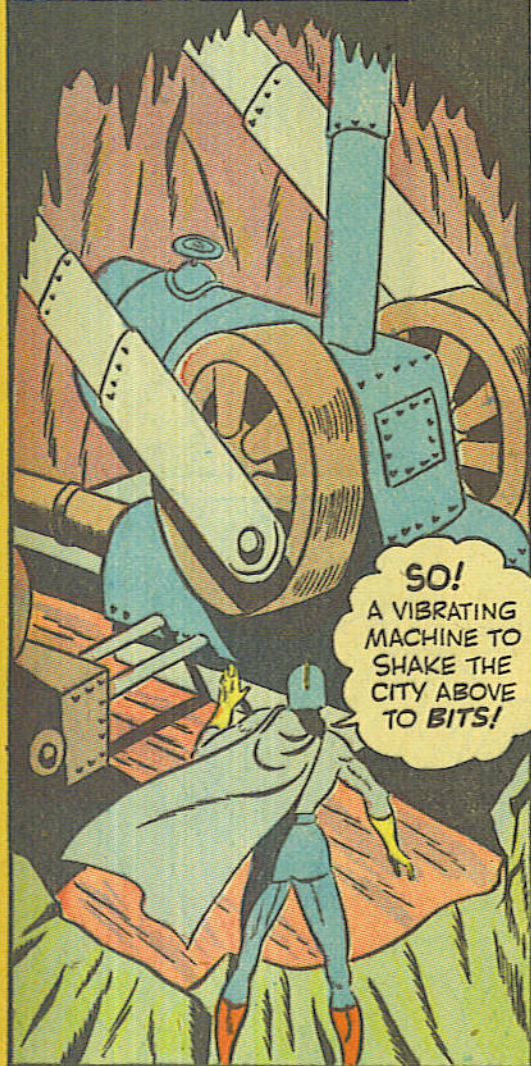


I HAVE  
TO FIND  
THAT  
MACHINE!

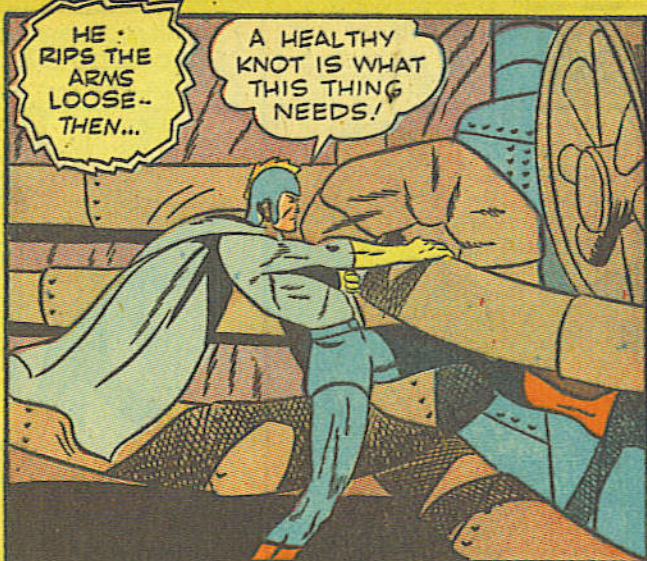
THIS IS  
THE LAST  
ONE!



**BLUE BOLT DASHES INTO  
A LARGE CAVERN ---**



**SO!**  
A VIBRATING  
MACHINE TO  
SHAKE THE  
CITY ABOVE  
TO BITS!



HE  
RIPS THE  
ARMS  
LOOSE--  
THEN...

A HEALTHY  
KNOT IS WHAT  
THIS THING  
NEEDS!



... AND PULLS  
THE SWITCH!

**ZOWIE!**  
LOOK AT  
THAT!



NO WONDER  
THAT OVERSIZED  
VIBRATING  
MACHINE  
COULD TEAR A  
CITY TO  
PIECES!

THE GIANT  
MACHINE  
STARTS TO  
RIP  
ITSELF  
APART!

**DASHING BACK TO WHERE HE  
LEFT THE GIRLS, BLUE BOLT  
FINDS REAL TROUBLE ---**

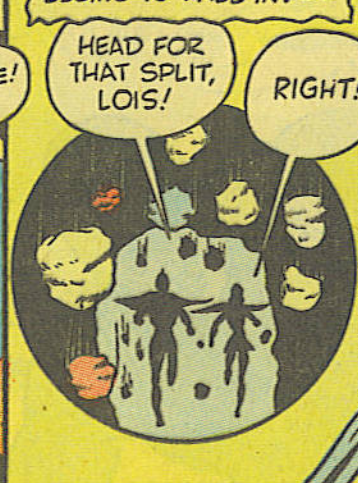


THAT  
OUGHT TO  
TEACH  
YOU!

**COME ON!**  
GET OUT OF HERE!  
THIS PLACE IS  
READY TO  
CAVE IN!

**UGH!**

**PART OF THE CAVE  
BEGINS TO FALL IN! ...**



HEAD FOR  
THAT SPLIT,  
LOIS!

**RIGHT!**

**THEN...**

**BOY!**  
WE SURE  
KILLED TWO  
BIRDS WITH  
ONE STONE!

**YUP!**

HOPE THE  
**GREEN SORCESS**  
DIDN'T --- OH, WELL!



... ANOTHER  
ADVENTUROUS  
**BLUE BOLT** YARN  
NEXT MONTH!



# Edison

# BELL

BANG!

OH BOY!  
A REAL  
JEEP  
CAR!

HOLD TIGHT,  
PAL! HERE  
WE GO!

By RAY GILL  
AND  
HAROLD DELAY

BANG!

BANG!

EDDIE AND JERRY ARE BACK HOME AGAIN, AND HAVE BROUGHT THEIR FRIEND, ANTON, WITH THEM! BUT, IF THEY EXPECTED TO FIND PEACE AND SERENITY, THEY WERE VERY MUCH -- ... BUT LET'S NOT SPOIL THE STORY FOR YOU! **READ ON! ...**

EDDIE AND JERRY DECIDE TO TAKE A HIKE ON THEIR OLD STAMPING GROUNDS, WHICH HAVE BEEN SOMEWHAT CHANGED!

COME ON, ANTON! JERRY AND I WANT TO SEE THE **NEW ARMY CAMP**. IT SHOULD BE EXCITING!

NAW! NOT ME!

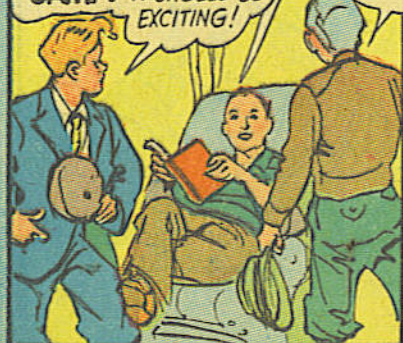
TENDER-FOOT!

I CAN HAVE MORE EXCITEMENT RIGHT HERE READING THIS BOOK ABOUT SPIES THAN YOU CAN WEARING OUT SHOE LEATHER! YOU GO AHEAD!

SO THE BOYS START OUT ALONE. THEN, ABOUT TEN MILES FROM HOME ...

EDDIE! LISTEN!

**HOLY SMOKE!** THAT'S THE SOUND OF CANNON -- AND CLOSE, TOO, JERRY!

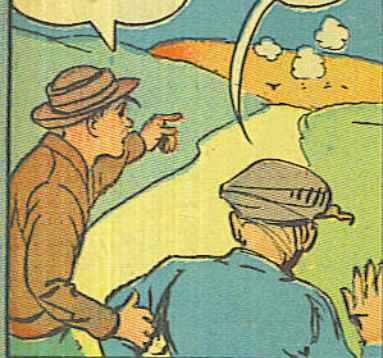




THE DISTANT WAR-LIKE SOUNDS  
ALARM THE BOYS ...

SEE, EDDIE! IT'S  
COMING FROM OVER  
THERE! MAYBE  
IT'S AN  
**INVASION!**

SURE  
SOUNDS  
LIKE  
IT!...



OH, WHAT'S THE MATTER  
WITH ME! I: **DISTINCTLY**  
REMEMBER READING THAT THE  
**RED AND BLUE ARMIES**  
ARE GOING TO HAVE MANEUVERS  
IN THIS  
SECTION!



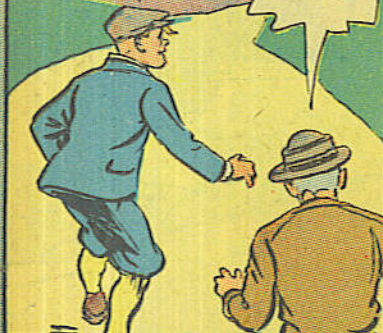
GOSH!  
THEN LET'S GO  
AND  
**SEE**  
IT!

NO, WE'D  
GET IN  
THE  
WAY!



...WE'LL CUT IN ANOTHER  
DIRECTION OVER THIS HILL  
AND STAY AWAY FROM  
THE EXCITEMENT  
**THIS TIME..**

OH--  
KAY!

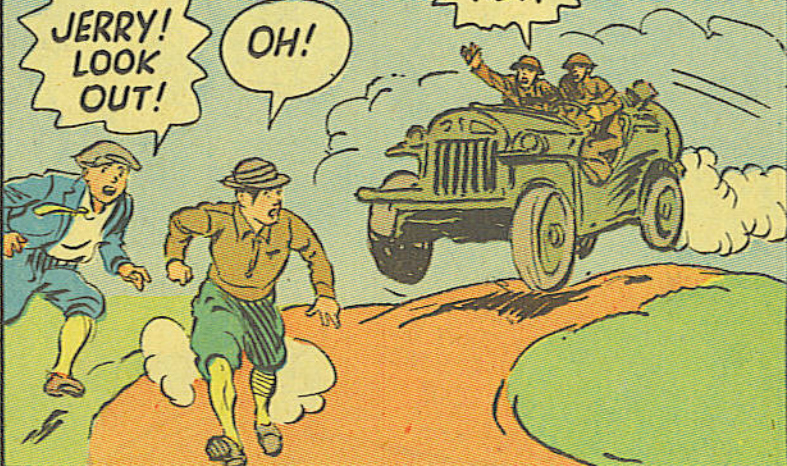


SUDDENLY, AN ARMY JEEP CAR BOUNCES OVER THE HILL,  
DIRECTLY AT THEM! ...

**JERRY!**  
LOOK  
OUT!

OH!

**HEY!**

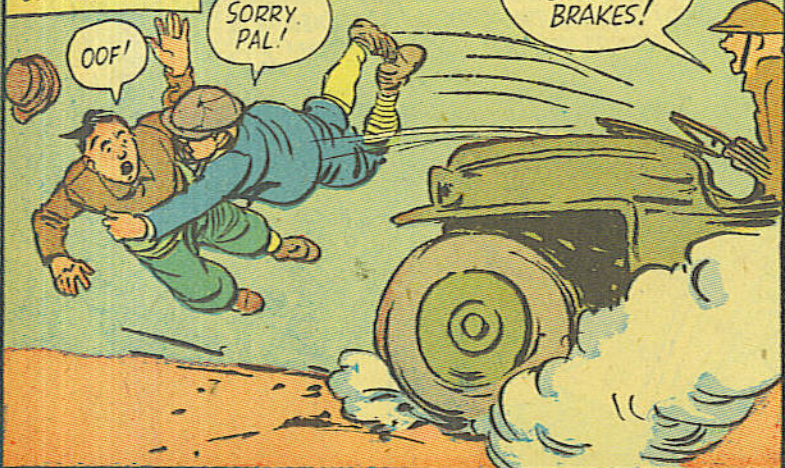


BUT EDDIE ACTS QUICKLY!... AND HIS  
FLYING TACKLE KNOCKS JERRY OUT  
OF THE WAY!

SORRY,  
PAL!

OOF!

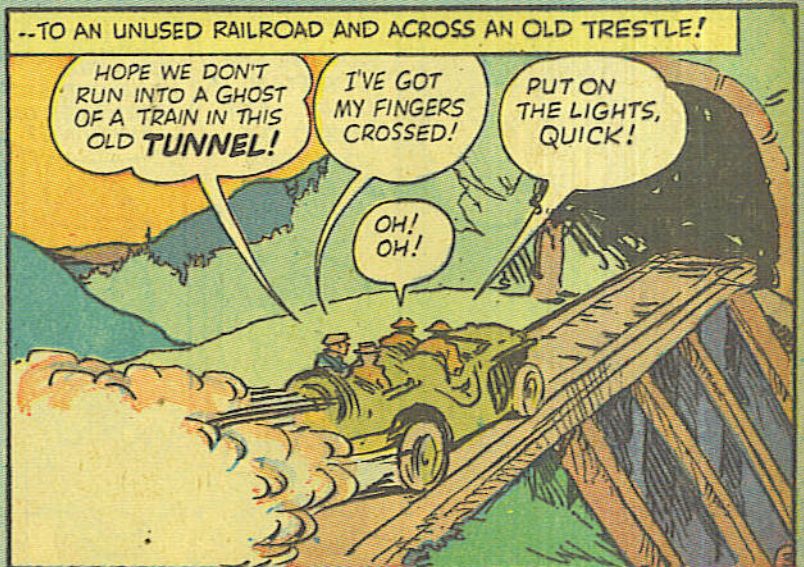
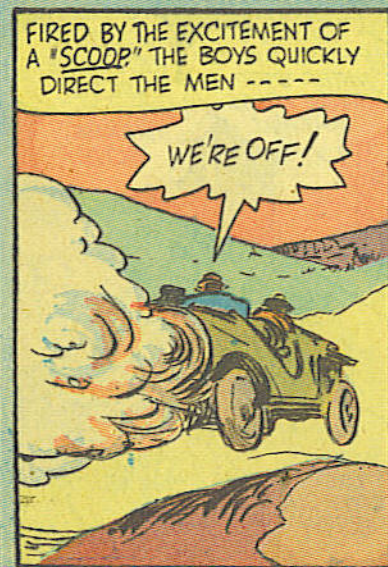
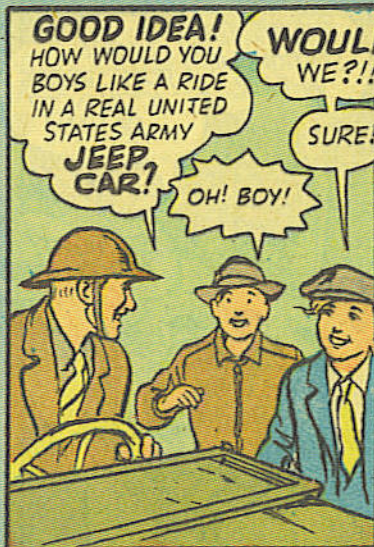
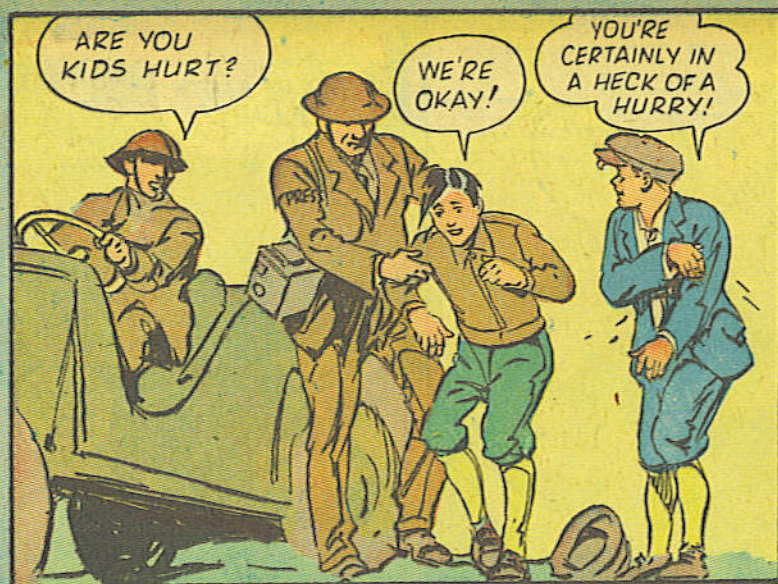
LUCKY THIS  
BUGGY HAS  
GOOD  
BRAKES!



**PHEW!** LOOKS LIKE  
YOU CAN'T DODGE A WAR,  
NO MATTER **HOW** YOU  
TRY TO ESCAPE IT!









THEY SHOOT FROM THE TUNNEL LIKE A SHELL FROM A CANNON, PULLING COBWEBS OFF THEIR FACES!

NOW I KNOW HOW THEY FEEL IN THOSE NEW YORK SUBWAYS!

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

CUT TO THE RIGHT!

UGH!

THEN, LIKE A ROBOT SKI JUMPER, DOWN A STEEP INCLINE ...

HOLD TIGHT!

OH-HH-HHH-H!

... TO LEVEL GROUND!

SOLID EARTH AT LAST!

YOU CAN MAKE FASTER TIME ACROSS THIS FIELD IF YOU CAN JUMP THAT DITCH AHEAD!

CAN DO!

BUT, CROSSING THE DITCH, THEY SEE THEIR FOLLOWERS HOT ON THEIR HEELS!

THERE THEY GO!

THERE'S THE STATION, UP AHEAD!

GOOD! HOPE THERE'S A TRAIN TO BE HAD!

SIT TIGHT! AND I'LL FIND OUT!

SAY, WHEN'S THE NEXT TRAIN, OLD TIMER?

TELEGRAMS

EH?

STEP ON IT! WE'LL DUCK THEM YET!

LOOK!

NEXT TRAIN? WON'T BE ONE FOR FOUR HOURS. JUST MISSED THE NOON TRAIN BY FIFTEEN MINUTES!

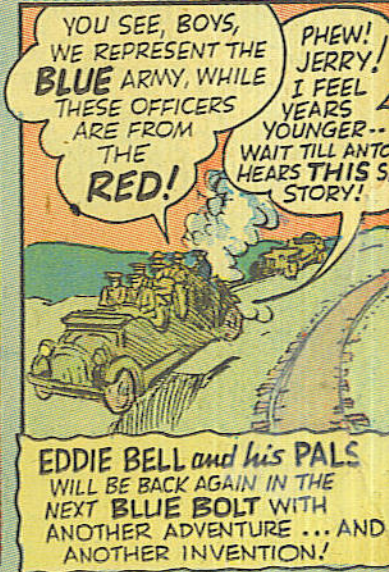
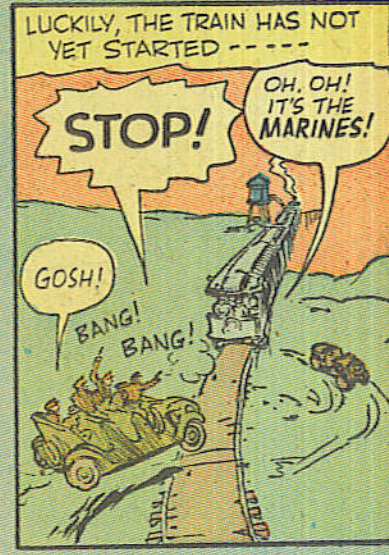
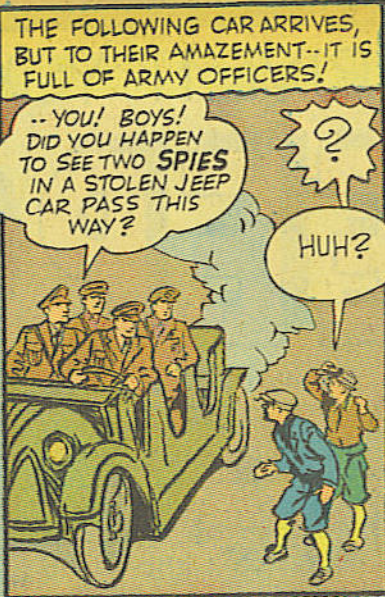
BLAZES! SAAY ... WILL IT HAVE TO STOP FOR WATER OR ANYTHING?

YEAH! FIFTEEN MINUTE WATER STOP-- THREE MILES AHEAD!

ALL OUT, KIDS! ... WE'LL HAVE TO CATCH IT ... THANKS, BOYS!

OKAY! WISH YOU LUCK! COME ON, JERRY!







Edison  
Bell's

"DRIVE IT YOURSELF!"

# JEEP CAR

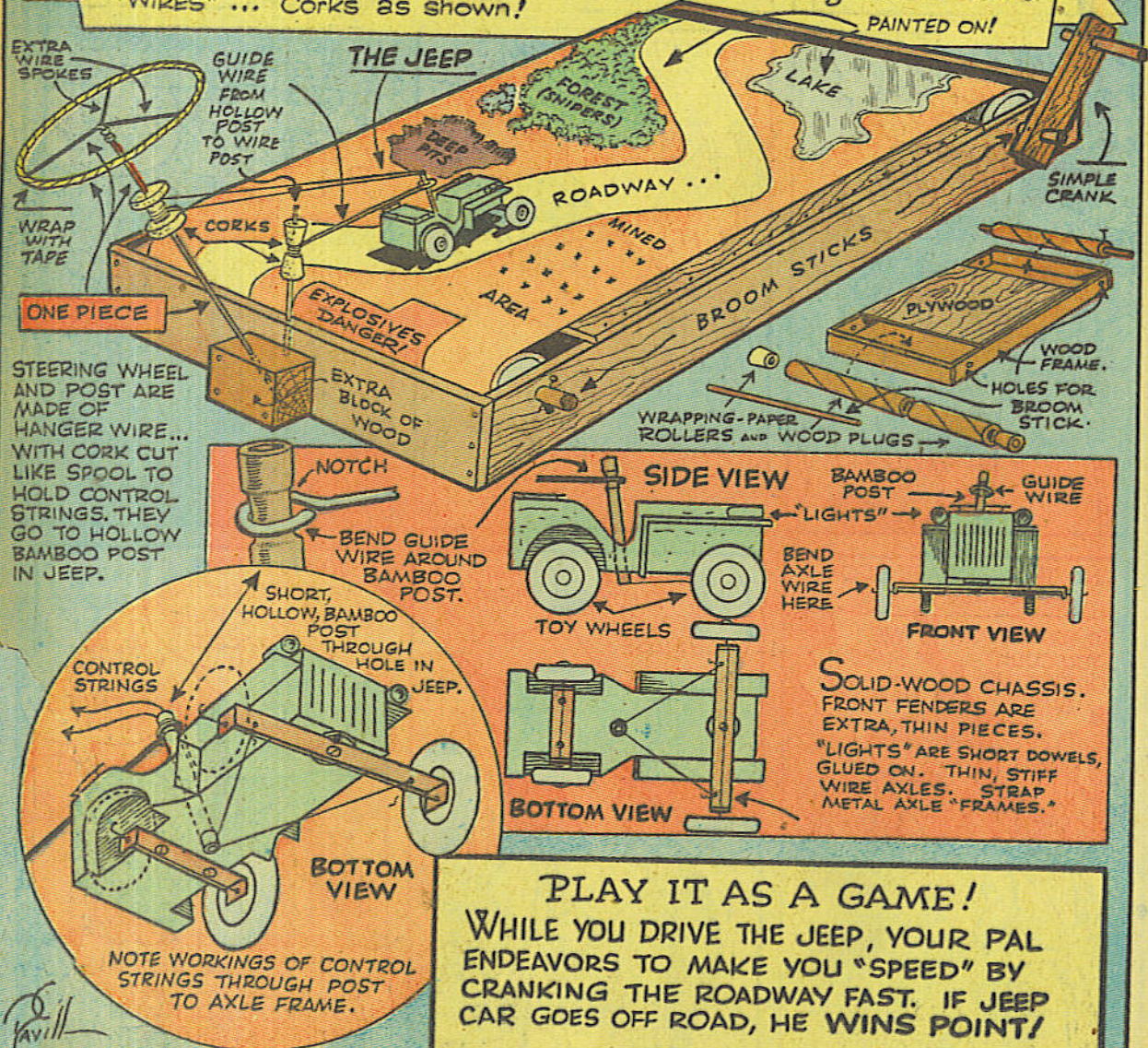
REMOTE  
CONTROL!

★ By EDISON BELL ★

It Works!

One Person "DRIVES" ... while  
Another Cranks Roadway!

**NOTE** that the ROADWAY MOVES ... while the JEEP STANDS STILL!  
Use coat-hanger wire ... Oilcloth for Roadbed ... Soft pine for the  
Chassis and Framework of "BED" ... Lightweight fishing line for Control  
"WIRES" ... Corks as shown!





# OLD CAP HAWKINS' TALES

OLD CAP HAWKINS, RETIRED MARINER, TELLS HIS YOUNG PAL, JOEY, THE HEROIC ACCOUNTS OF THE FIGHTING MEN OF AMERICA... AND THE STORY BEHIND THEIR BATTLE-SCARRED MOTTOES...



**"BAPTISED BY FIRE!"**

JOEY, BROOKLYN'S FIGHTING 14TH IS SAID NEVER TO HAVE MISSED A SCRAP! WELL-EARNED IS THEIR BATTLE MOTTO...

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK... EARLY IN 1847...

WHAT DO YOU SAY, JOHN, LET'S ORGANIZE OUR MILITIA COMPANIES INTO A REGIMENT!

SWELL IDEA! WHEN DO WE START?

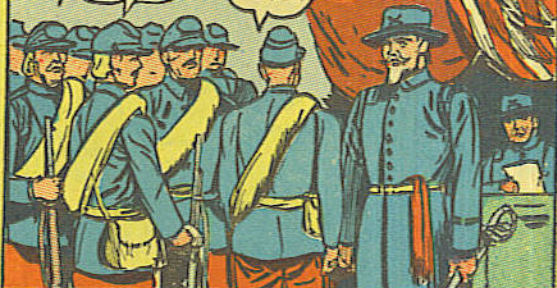


SO, UPON THE OUTBREAK OF THE CIVIL WAR...

RIGHT! WE WANT TO FIGHT!

AND HOW!

WE COME TO OFFER THE SERVICES OF OUR REGIMENT TO THE NORTH, SIR!





BUT...

I'M SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BUT OUR LISTS ARE COMPLETE!



BITTERLY DOWNCAST, THIS GROUP OF BRAVE MEN DECIDED TO GET IN THE FIGHT AT ANY COST...

SO, AT THEIR OWN EXPENSE, THEY SET UP CAMP AT FORT GREEN PARK...

NOBODY'S GONNA KEEP US OUT OF THIS!

THEN IT'S TOO BAD ALL OF YOU WOULDN'T BUY UNIFORMS!



AND THEY DID!

THE 14TH'S COMMANDING OFFICER APPROACHED PRESIDENT LINCOLN...

OUR SERVICES ARE YOURS, SIR! WILL YOU TAKE US?

YOU BET I WILL! FROM NOW ON YOU'LL BE MY PERSONAL BODYGUARD!



THUS, THE FIGHTING 14TH HAD THE PROUD DISTINCTION OF BEING THE ONLY GROUP ORDERED OUT BY DIRECT ORDER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN!



ACTION CAME QUICKLY. AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN, CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS GAVE THEM A NAME THAT STUCK!

IT'S THE RED-LEGGED DEVILS!

INTO 'EM, MEN!



EVERY MAN OF THE 14TH WAS A FIGHTING FOOL!

YOUEEEEEE!

GOTCHA! NOW DIE!





LATER IN THE SAME BATTLE, ENEMY SHARPSHOOTERS WERE KILLING OFF A UNION BATTERY CREW ---

ORDER THE 14TH INTO THE OPEN FIELD YONDER! THEIR RED PANTS WILL DRAW THE ENEMY'S FIRE, AND THEN WE CAN CHARGE!

YES, SIR!



SO THE RED-LEGGED DEVILS DREW THE FIRE, BUT WENT RIGHT AHEAD WITH THEIR CHARGE!

COME ON!

LET'S GO!



SO VALIANT WAS THE CONDUCT OF THE 14TH THAT THE GENERAL TOLD THE SECRETARY OF WAR...

HAD MY OTHER REGIMENTS FOUGHT AS WELL AS THE BROOKLYN 14TH, BULL RUN WOULD HAVE BEEN A DIFFERENT STORY!



THE 14TH

SERVED THROUGH-  
OUT THE CIVIL WAR  
TOOK PART IN  
29 BATTLES.  
THEIR TITLE,  
"THE  
FIGHTING  
14TH,"  
WAS WON THE  
HARD WAY!

AND IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN, THE 14TH VOLUNTEERED, AND SERVED UNDER COLONEL GRANT, THEIR DEEDS WERE MANY AND HEROIC!



1916! ANOTHER CALL TO DUTY, AND THE 14TH SERVED ON THE BORDER-PATROL CLEARING OUT MEXICAN BANDITS!

IF IT'S FIGHT YOU WANT, YOU'VE GOT IT!





IN 1917...

MEN, WE ARE IN  
THE WAR! OUR OUTFIT  
IS AMONG THE FIRST  
TO BE MUSTERED  
INTO SERVICE!

THAT'S  
THE  
STUFF!

YIPPEE!



PARTS OF THE 14<sup>TH</sup> MADE UP MANY OTHER  
UNITS. BUT AS A WHOLE THEY WENT TO  
FRANCE AS THE 2<sup>ND</sup> ENGINEERS.

I CAN'T WAIT  
FOR A CRACK AT  
THE JERRIES!

YOU'LL GET YOUR  
CHANCE! WE GO  
OVER SOON!



THEN...

SHOVE 'EM  
BACK TO  
BERLIN!

GANGWAY!



ALL OVER THE FRONT THE 14<sup>TH</sup> WAS  
IN ACTION!

ONE SIDE! HERE  
COMES BROOKLYN!

COME ON,  
YOU GUYS!



THE OUTFIT WAS ONE OF THE LAST TO RETURN  
FROM "OVER THERE", AND NOW SOLDIERS  
POINT PROUDLY TO THEIR COLORS AND SAY...

NO SIR!  
WE'VE NEVER  
MISSED  
A  
SCRAP!



AND THE 14<sup>TH</sup> WAS TRULY "BAPTIZED  
BY FIRE," FOR ITS WHOLE EXISTENCE  
WAS ONE OF HEROISM AND GLORY.



# STAMP COLLECTING

By Eugene L. Pollock

## VASCO, THE SWORD BENDER

More than four hundred years ago, when nearly everyone believed that the earth was flat and that ships would fall over the side if they sailed too far out in the ocean, there lived a boy named Vasco da Gama.

He was much stronger than usual for boys his age, as he could bend his father's heavy steel sword until it almost broke in two. The fame of his wonderful strength spread throughout the city and people called him Vasco, the Sword Bender. When Vasco was only thirteen years old he went to war. He sat upon a large horse and wore a suit of armor twice his own weight. Two men had to help him get on or off his horse and unbuckle the iron suit.



Vasco da Gama

Vasco da Gama fought in many battles and was rewarded for his bravery by becoming the captain of a warship. He learned a great deal about sailing and soon became a skillful navigator. He was as brave a sailor as he had been a soldier and took the warship into parts of the ocean that were uncharted. Ships always kept in sight of land, for their captains were afraid that once they ventured out into the deep the edge of the world might be reached. But Vasco da Gama never believed in this silly story, for, like Columbus, he was positive that the world was round.

One day the King of Portugal ordered Vasco to fit out a fleet of ships for a long voyage to find the rich lands of the East. After many months of loading and enlisting crews, the ships set sail upon their perilous trip. For weeks and weeks the fleet sailed on and on. Always floating south, they followed the coast of Africa until they rounded the bottom tip of that great continent. Then the ships sailed north toward the Indian Ocean.

Four months after da Gama had left Portugal he reached India. There he found a land filled with beautiful cities and fine temples. Vasco had a splendid time, for the Indian rulers wine and dined him, filling the ships with all sorts of spices and rare treasures of the East. The crew enjoyed their stay as much as the admiral and all were sorry to leave India for the long voyage back to Portugal.

Today, after four centuries of world changes, the portion of India where da Gama landed still belongs to Portugal. In the center of the area stands a statue of the great explorer, who really discovered the lands Columbus sought to find.



Vasco's Fleet in India

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BROWNIE STAMP SHOP, DEPT. K, FLINT MICHIGAN



# FAST THINKING

By  
MICKEY  
SPILLANE

**S**WAYING lightly in the breeze, the grey bulk of the observation balloon tugged gently at its cable, which was anchored to the forward end of the little freighter several thousand feet below. "Biff" Coakley grinned at the other passenger in the cockpit and pointed down. "Never think from the looks of things that there's a war going on, eh?"

"Shucks, no!" Whitey answered. "Here we are out to spot subs, with the dickens being raised in the Philippines only a few miles away, and yet everything is as quiet as a tomb!"

"That's what I don't like. There ought to be plenty of activity around here, with our transports landing troops all over the place, but nope, not a thing!" But he was wrong. Far below the surface, out of sight of even the eyes in the balloon, an iron sea-serpent slid along the floor of the ocean. Ears were glued to sounding devices that located the exact position of the little ship above. Slowly — not knowing what protection the freighter might have, the submarine rose. Then in a furious rush, shot to the surface like a frightened fish!

Far from being caught unawares, the crew of the rusted freighter rushed to their guns. They were too late. Bubbles boiled from the nose of the sub, and a moment later the quiet was ripped apart by the rending crash of a torpedo! Biff's eyes popped. "Whitey! The dirty skunks got them!"

"Golly!" Whitey breathed softly, "We're done for!" But something was happening! Very

slowly the balloon was being drawn closer to the sinking freighter! The sub had gone, leaving the crew of the doomed ship to die in the ocean! Now the balloon was being dragged down to the same fate! Biff clutched the rail of the small pit.

"Somebody must have started the winch going to roll us down as soon as the sub was sighted! If only we can make it before the tub sinks!"

"Everybody must have been killed by that torpedo, else we'd see some movement. Hey! She's starting to list!"

**IT WAS LISTING**, all right! Like a slowly filling cardboard box, the freighter was settling. Even in the few minutes since the attack, waves were starting to wash over the decks! The winch kept grinding, hauling in the rubbery form above. One hundred, fifty, thirty feet to go ... "Hang on, Whitey!" Biff yelled, and plunged over the side! He landed with a thud on the wave-washed deck, scrambled to his feet and smacked at a lever on the side of the grinding winch. The drum stopped revolving.

Whitey looked down from the short length of cable that held the balloon to the winch that would have chewed them to pieces! "Wow! That was too close for comfort! What now?" He slid down the steel rope and joined Biff. Desperately they searched the decks, but there was not one sign of life. The torpedo had seen to that. By the time their inspection was over, both boys were seething with fury and hate for the rats that had started all this. Their fingers

longed to wrap around a Nipponese neck and crush the life out of it!

Whitey looked at Biff. "See which way the wind is blowing, pal?"

"Yeah, about North-North East, why?"

"Heading for Japan, see? And we have to get off this crate mighty soon, or else! Do y' get me?"

"Get you! I'll say I do! Come on!" With the speed of desperation, Biff and Whitey raced to a cabin a few feet away. They crashed into the door sending it flying open. Fiercely they dragged out a wheeled rack, and on its springy bed lay six man-sized bombs, instruments of destruction capable of wrecking a good-sized ship! They piled them into the cockpit, then pulled the cord on their water ballast tank.

"Think she'll go up, Biff?"

"Yup! Draining this tank will just about equalize the weight, although it isn't going to be funny when we toss these things over. We'll probably shoot up into thin air so fast we won't be able to catch our breath!"

"Well, I always wanted to see the earth from the stratosphere! Let's go, the old girl is about ready to give up!" They hopped to the balloon's metal cockpit, squeezing in between the ugly snouts of the bombs. Just in time Biff leaned over and gave the toggle connection a flip, and the balloon shot skyward. Below them the ancient freighter threw her nose into the air, pointing at them as if with a ghostly finger, then settled under the waves. Biff and Whitey snapped a smart salute to their departed comrades.



## BULGING AWKWARDLY

at first, with loose folds of fabric flopping in the breeze, the balloon inflated as it went up, until the gas was firm within the hide. Finally it came to rest with the boys breathing fast in the rarefied atmosphere. The altimeter dial registered 18,000 feet.

"How're we doing, Biff?"

"O.K., I guess. Our wind drift is just about right. This is a crazy stunt, but it might do *some* good.

"We had no other choice. All the lifeboats were smashed, anyway!"

The morning sun gleamed brightly, setting off everything below, but the sea was calm, and not a ship was in sight. Slowly the sun rose to its zenith, then settled down over the western horizon. The day had dragged slowly, now the dusk brought a freezing cold to the upper regions. Whitey and Biff shivered through their sheepskin clothes.

Gradually growing dimmer, the red ball had not quite gone down, when the boys glimpsed the trace of smoke on the horizon. Then the smoke resolved itself into a ship, then two. Finally, stretched out on the ocean was a line of nine boats. Biff shook Whitey. "Look! A squadron of battlewagons!" He snatched up his binoculars. "Well, I'll be . . . they're Japs!"

But someone else had spotted them, too. Away in the dusk was a flash, and a moment later one of the ships lurched, and with a terrific crack her sides blew out! Seemingly moments later other boats appeared, and a wicked fight threw the ocean into a frenzy. Biff and Whitey were besides themselves with joy, for the other boats were American.

From their vantage point they saw it all, shouting unheard encouragement to the men from the U.S.A. But the balloon blew steadily onward, leaving the battle behind. Down below, the air was thick with smoke. debris lit-

tered the water. It was evident that the American boats had gotten the better of the scrap! Suddenly Whitey gasped. "Biff! Over there . . . a Jap aircraft carrier!"

Biff paled. "My gosh! Those planes'll knock off every one of our boats. Why do we have to be so *helpless*! If only we could let them *know*!"

"We can do better than that. We're heading directly over that trouble-maker—if you get what I mean!" Biff's eyes widened, for the possibilities of the thing were enormous!

THE WIND was their friend, that day. It blew them on a true course straight over the flat flight deck of the carrier. Biff and Whitey wrestled one of the huge bombs on to the side of the cockpit. "Now!" A push, and the messenger of death hurtled down! Quickly another, then another went over. A rending crash from below marked a direct hit! Cheering, they pushed over the last. Explosions were coming up steadily as the bombs found their target!

But suddenly the boys were sucking in air desperately, for the released weight had thrown them up into thinner air . . . and they were still going *up*! Then, on the sinking carrier underneath them a gun spoke! Anti-aircraft guns fired in one last attempt to destroy the thing that had destroyed them! Flashes burst around the balloon, while steel fingers whistled through the air!

"I—I guess we're d-done for, Biff."

"Hang on, feller, you never can tell!" Biff dragged himself to the side and looked over. He grinned slowly, for coming at full speed was the American squadron to finish off the carrier. What guns were left on the Jap ship barked, but they were listing so badly that their aim was ineffective.

Still the anti-aircraft gun spat. Its crew had hate in their hearts for the giant bag that hung almost motionless thousands of feet in the blue. Shell after shell poured in a steady stream skywards. Biff and Whitey flattened themselves on the floor, seeking what little protection they could. The orange flashes burst closer to the balloon with every shot. In a moment the gun crew would have the exact range, and that would be the last of them!

With an ear-splitting roar, a shell blasted through the dusk. The balloon lurched violently, jerking the occupants of the cockpit against its sides. Surely this was the end. From above came the hiss of escaping gas. The balloon stopped rising, then it slowly began to descend. The hiss grew louder as the fabric tore. Both lads were on their feet. They could breathe without difficulty now. The balloon had dropped out of the thinner air. They were fast becoming an easy target — The next shot would — But, the carrier would never shoot *another* shot! As the boys watched, the massive hulk rolled over like a great, tired turtle — and slid beneath the waves.

Lazily, the huge, grey balloon mass floated down to the sea. It wasn't until it was barely a thousand feet from the ocean that it was noticed by the American ships. Immediately lifeboats went over the side. Biff and Whitey shouted with glee, and pounded each other on the back. They were *saved*!

MESS ON BOARD the cruiser that night was a wild place, indeed. The boys told and retold their story. Later, as they were crawling into their bunks, Biff grinned over at Whitey. "Well, we didn't make Japan . . ."

"Nope. We didn't, but by gosh, we sure showed the Emperor what to expect when we *do*!"

THE END

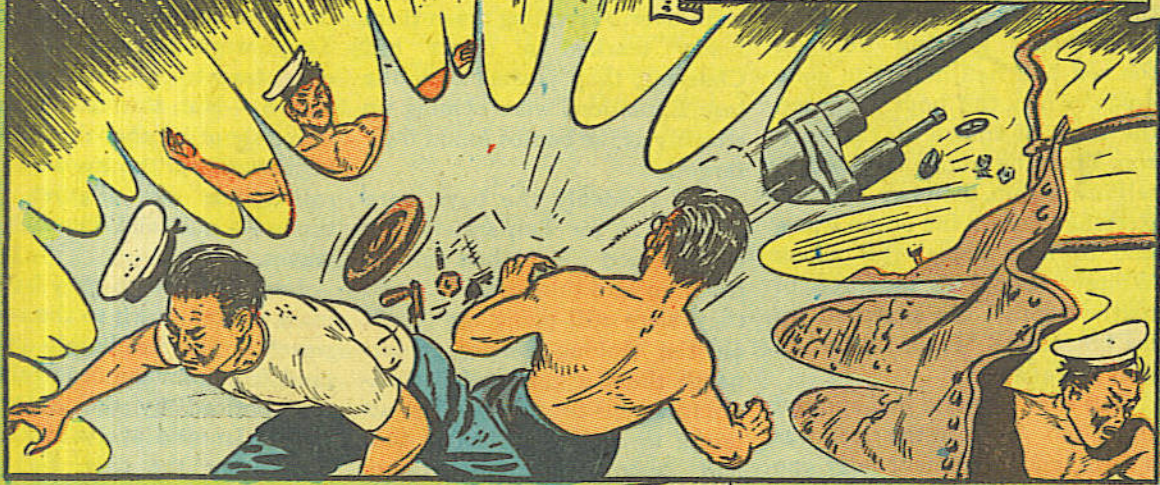


THE

# PHANTOM SUB

by  
FOS  
★★

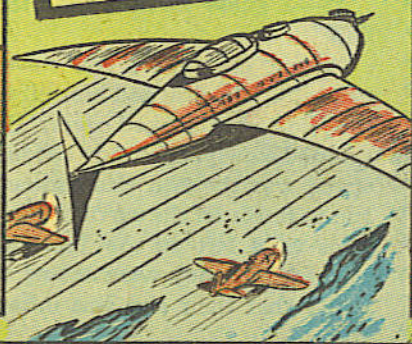
THE UGLY HEAD OF THAT  
TERRIBLE GOD, WAR, HAS  
REARED ITSELF OVER THE  
UNITED STATES, THREATENING  
OUR LIFE, LIBERTY, AND OUR  
PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS--  
RESOLVED THAT OUR WAY  
OF LIFE SHALL PREVAIL,  
THE PHANTOM CREW ZOOMS  
INTO THE FRAY IN THEIR  
AMAZING SUPER-SUBMARINE  
THE PHANTOM SUB!!!



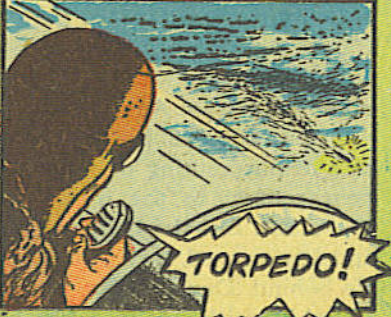
OUT OF AN UNDISCLOSED  
CALIFORNIAN PORT, A  
POWERFUL DETACHMENT  
OF U.S. SOLDIERS LEAVES  
FOR THE NEAR EAST--



ABOVE, WITH SCOUT  
PLANES, THE PHANTOM  
SUB STANDS GUARD--



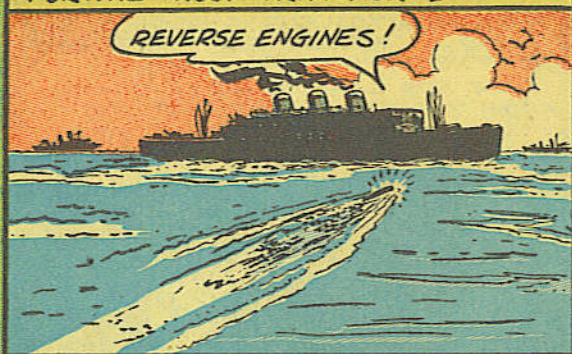
FOR DAYS THE CONVOY  
STEAMS SERENELY ON..  
THEN, ONE MORNING...





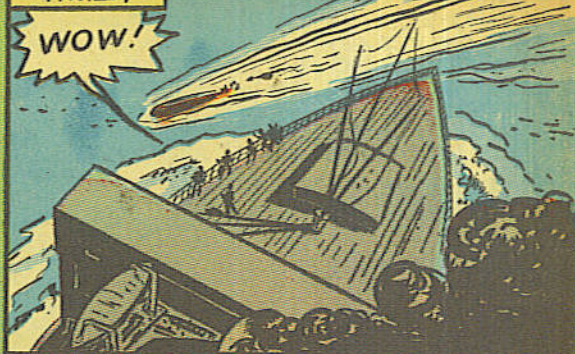
THE DEADLY TORPEDO HEADS RIGHT FOR THE TROOP TRANSPORT.

REVERSE ENGINES!



THE HUGE SHIP BACKS UP JUST IN TIME!

WOW!



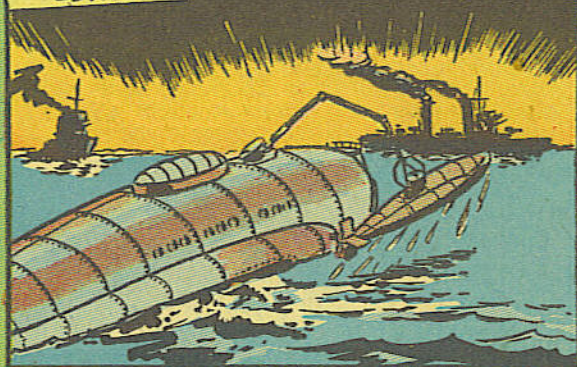
WHILE ABOARD THE PHANTOM SUB-

BOY, THE DESTROYERS WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT BABY!

QUICK, SPARKS, RADIO THEM NOT TO DROP ANY DEPTH CHARGES!

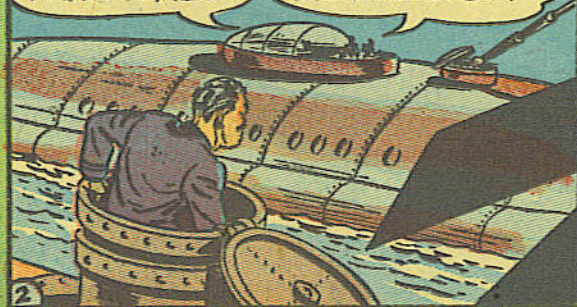


SUDDENLY IT SURFACES WITH A BABY JAP SUB, CLUTCHED BY THE SALVAGE CLAW!

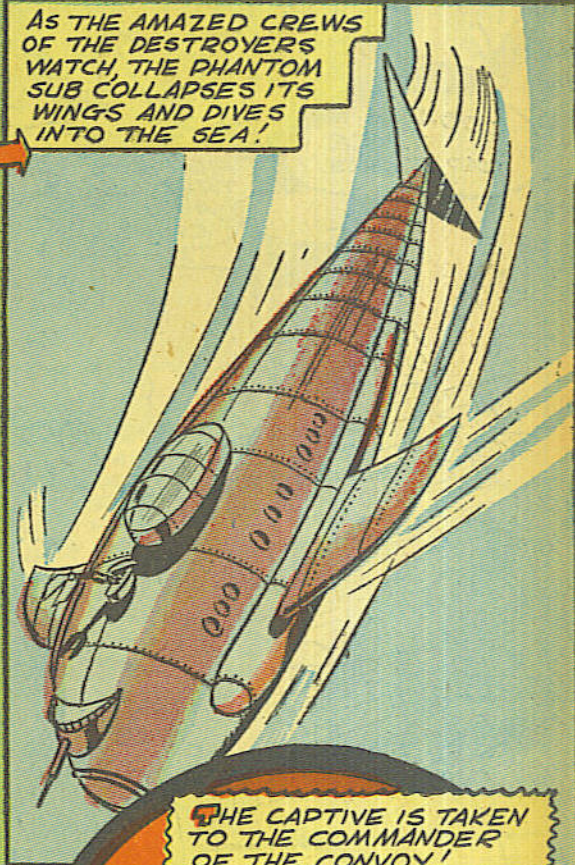


COME OUT IN THE OPEN, YOU NIPPONESE NIGHTMARES!

LOOK, THERE'S ONLY ONE OF THEM! IT'S ONE OF THOSE ONE-MAN SUBS!



AS THE AMAZED CREWS OF THE DESTROYERS WATCH, THE PHANTOM SUB COLLAPSES ITS WINGS AND DIVES INTO THE SEA!



THE CAPTIVE IS TAKEN TO THE COMMANDER OF THE CONVOY!

I COULD SEE FROM THE AIR THAT IT WAS A ONE-MAN SUB AND CARRIED BUT ONE TORPEDO. IN CAPTURING IT WE'VE GOT A PRISONER TO QUESTION AND THAT SUB TO EXAMINE.

IT WAS A GREAT STUNT, JACK!





THAT SUB HAS A CRUISING RANGE OF ONLY A FEW HUNDRED MILES, SO IT STANDS TO REASON THAT IT WAS LAUNCHED FROM A BATTLESHIP THERE MUST BE AN ENEMY FLEET CLOSE BY, SIR. WE'D LIKE YOUR PERMISSION TO HUNT FOR IT.

ALL RIGHT, JACK!

LOOK! THREE JAP PLANES!

THEY'RE FIGHTERS, TOO. THAT MEANS A PLANE CARRIER!

THE PHANTOM SUB IS SOON IN THE AIR...

THAT SUB CAME FROM THE EAST. I THINK WE SHOULD HEAD THAT WAY!

YEAH, AND WE'LL TRAVEL AT 40,000 FEET TO AVOID DETECTION!

THERE'S THE JAP FLEET! WOW!

THREE BATTLESHIPS, A PLANE CARRIER, CRUISERS AND DESTROYERS -- YIDE!

LOOK MEN, ALL THOSE SOLDIERS ON THE TROOP TRANSPORTS ARE DOOMED IF THAT JAP FLEET GETS WITHIN FIRING RANGE. IT'S SUICIDE, BUT WE'RE GOING TO ATTACK THAT FLEET ALONE! WE MAY BE ABLE TO CRIPPLE IT SO THAT IT WON'T ATTACK THE CONVOY!

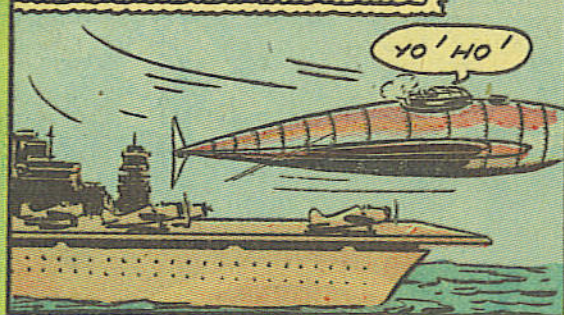
ALL WE SAY, JACK IS... LET'S AT 'EM!

THEIR FIRST ATTACK IS CONCENTRATED ON THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER...

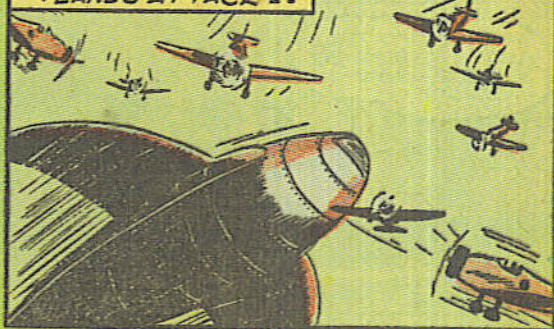
HA! HA! A SLAP FOR A JAP!



**ROARING ACROSS THE DECK OF THE CARRIER, THE PHANTOM SUB RAKES IT FROM STEM TO STERN!**

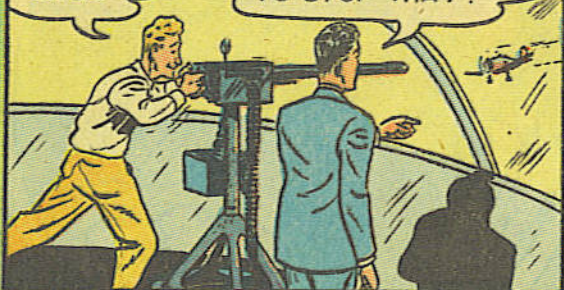


**THEN, AS IT ZOOMS HIGH TO MAKE ANOTHER DIVE, A SWARM OF JAP PLANES ATTACK --**



THEIR BULLETS JUST BOUNCE OFF THE PHANTOM, JACK!

YEAH, BUT LOOK BELOW. THEY'RE LAUNCHING PLANES EQUIPPED WITH CANNON! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT!



AGAIN THE SUB DIVES. THIS ATTACK IS CENTERED ON THE CARRIER'S DECK --



NICE SHOOTING, GANG!

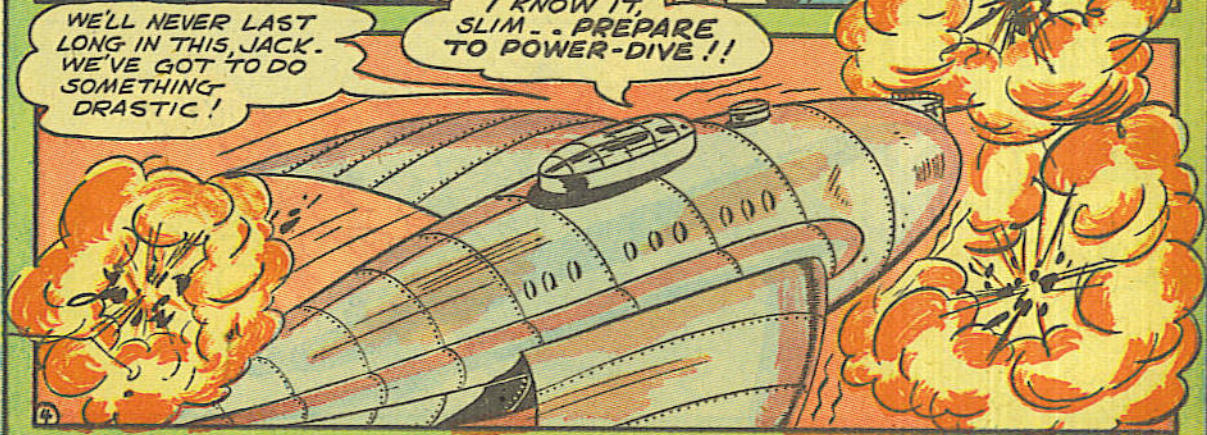
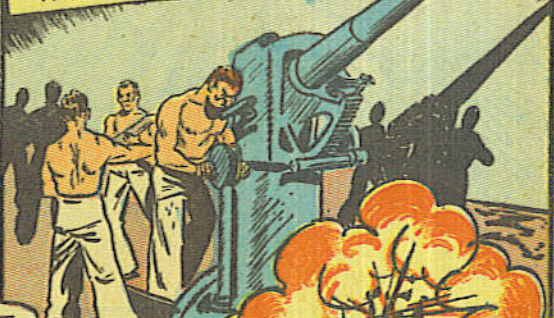
HA! HA! THEY WON'T LAUNCH ANOTHER PLANE FROM THAT!



WE'LL NEVER LAST LONG IN THIS, JACK. WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING DRASTIC!

I KNOW IT, SLIM... PREPARE TO POWER-DIVE!!

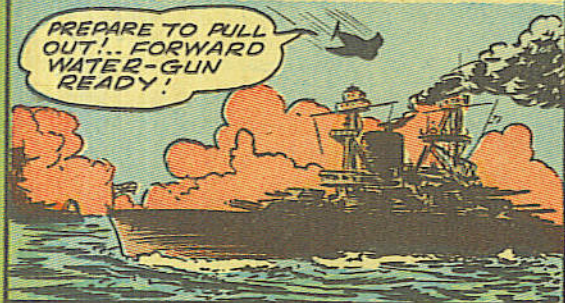
**BUT NOW, ALL FURY BREAKS LOOSE AS THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS OF THE JAP FLEET, WHICH HAD HELD THEIR FIRE FOR FEAR OF HITTING THEIR OWN AIRCRAFT, OPEN UP!**



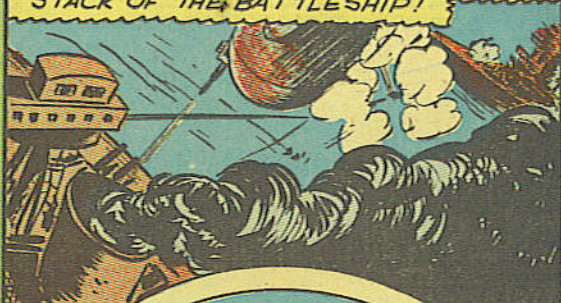


**L**IKE A STREAK OF GREASED LIGHTNING, THE PHANTOM SUB ROARS DOWN ON THE HUGE JAP BATTLESHIP!

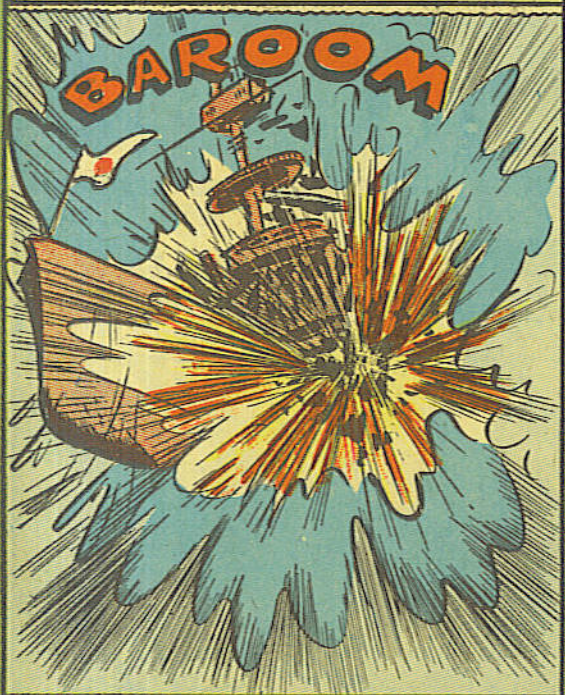
PREPARE TO PULL OUT... FORWARD WATER-GUN READY!



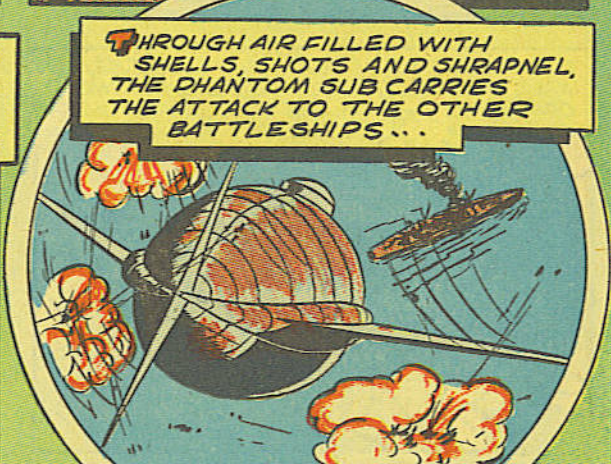
**D**IVING DOWN, ALMOST TO THE HUGE SHIP, THE PHANTOM SUB POURS A STREAM OF WATER DOWN THE SMOKE STACK OF THE BATTLESHIP!



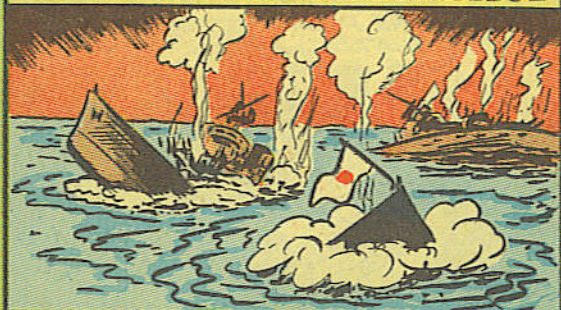
**W**HEN THE DELUGE OF WATER STRIKES THE BATTLESHIP'S FIREBOX, IT IS IMMEDIATELY CHANGED TO STEAM. THE PRESSURE IS SO GREAT THAT THE SHIP'S BOILERS BURST AND THE HUGE BATTLEWAGON IS BLOWN TO PIECES!



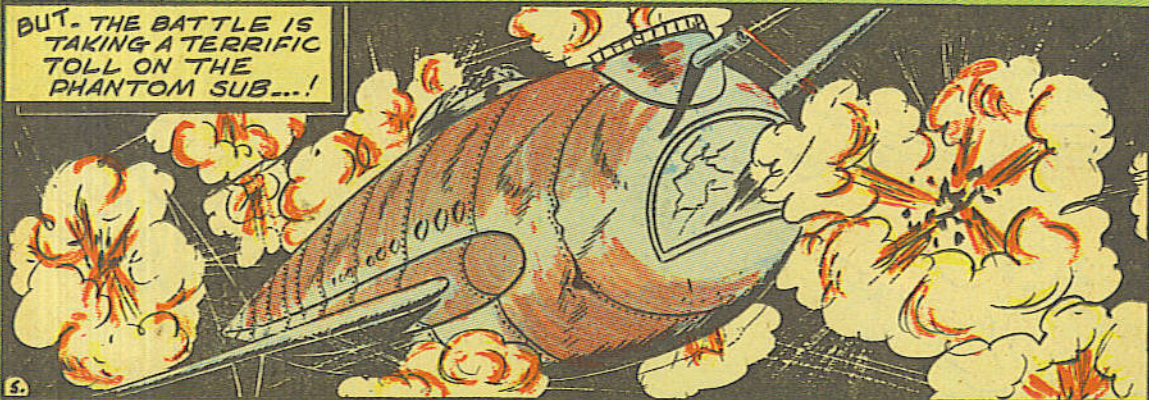
**T**HROUGH AIR FILLED WITH SHELLS, SHOTS AND SHRAPNEL, THE PHANTOM SUB CARRIES THE ATTACK TO THE OTHER BATTLESHIPS...



**S**OON, BY THIS MARVELOUS BIT OF AQUA-AERIAL STRATEGY, THE PHANTOM CREW LEAVE THE THREE JAP BATTLEWAGONS IN SHAMBLES—

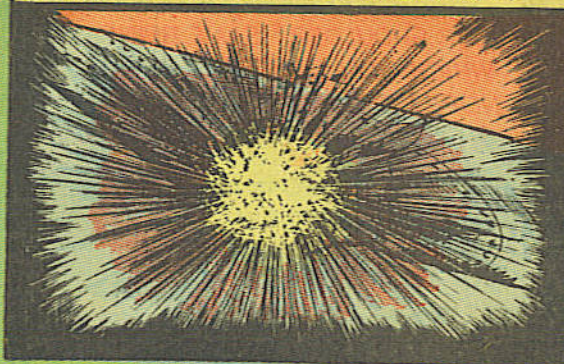


**B**UT... THE BATTLE IS TAKING A TERRIFIC TOLL ON THE PHANTOM SUB...!

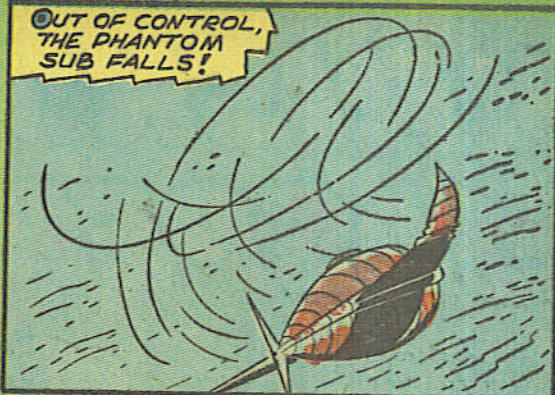




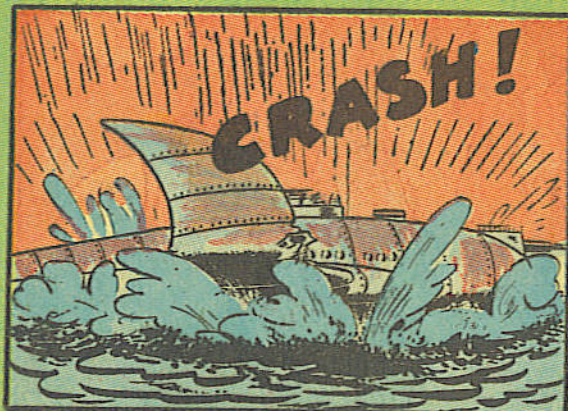
THEN, A SHELL SCORES A DIRECT HIT!



OUT OF CONTROL,  
THE PHANTOM  
SUB FALLS!

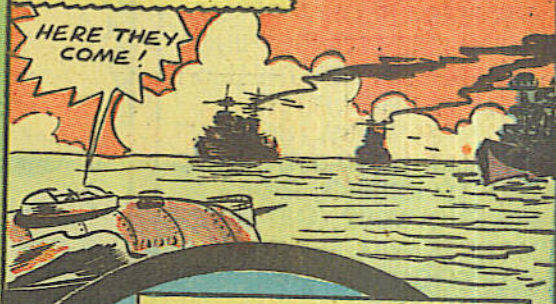


**CRASH!**

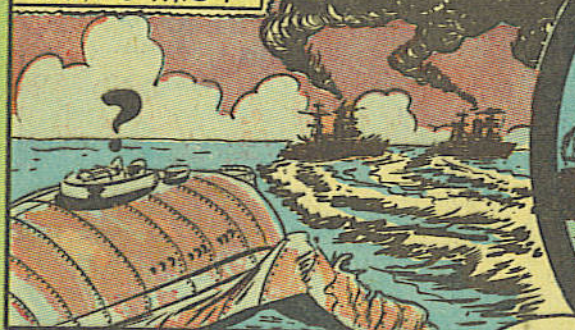


THE REMARKABLE CONSTRUCTION OF THE  
SUB KEEPS IT BOUYANT AND AFLOAT,...  
BUT THE JAP DESTROYERS CLOSE IN  
FOR THE KILL....

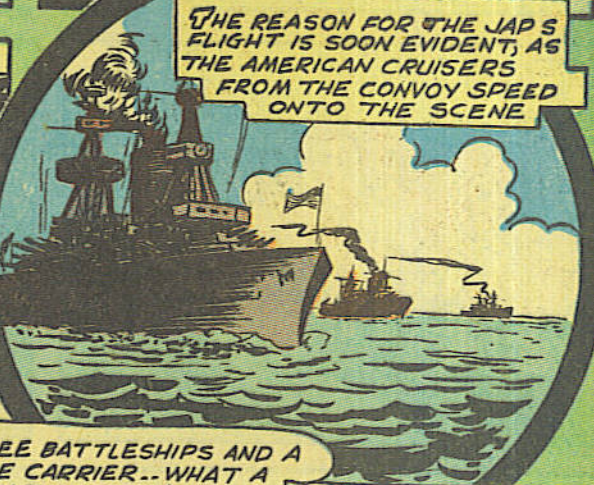
HERE THEY  
COME!



SUDDENLY.. THE JAPS TURN AND  
STEAM AWAY!...  
WHAT'S THIS?



THE REASON FOR THE JAP'S  
FLIGHT IS SOON EVIDENT, AS  
THE AMERICAN CRUISERS  
FROM THE CONVOY SPEED  
ONTO THE SCENE



YOUR TIMELY  
ARRIVAL  
SAVED US  
FROM A  
WATERY GRAVE,  
COMMANDER!

BUT FOR YOU  
AND YOUR CREW,  
JACK, THOUSANDS  
OF YOUNG SOLDIERS  
WOULD BE IN  
WATERY GRAVES!

THREE BATTLESHIPS AND A  
PLANE CARRIER... WHAT A  
BLOW TO JAPAN!

IT WAS ALL THE SUB,  
COMMANDER, AND I  
CAN'T WAIT TILL WE  
GET IT REPAIRED!



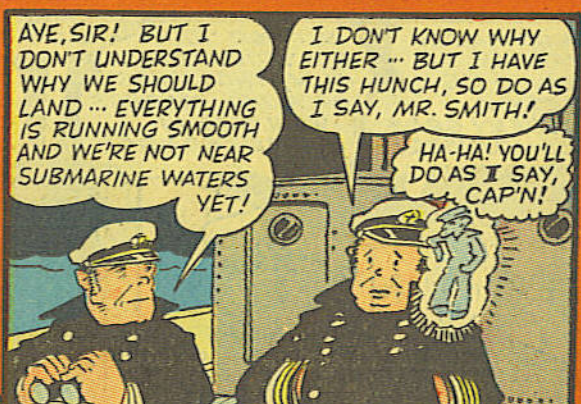
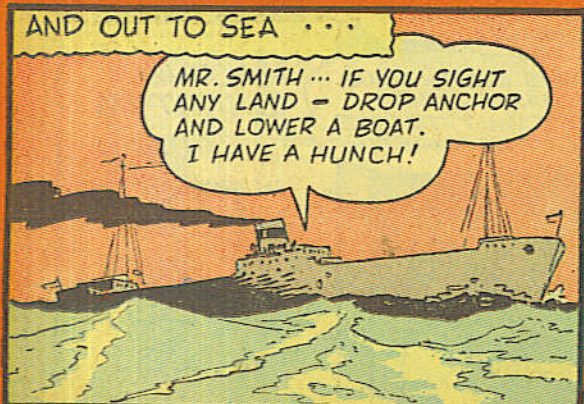
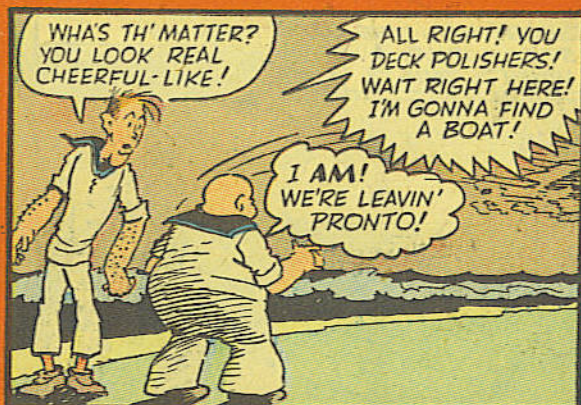
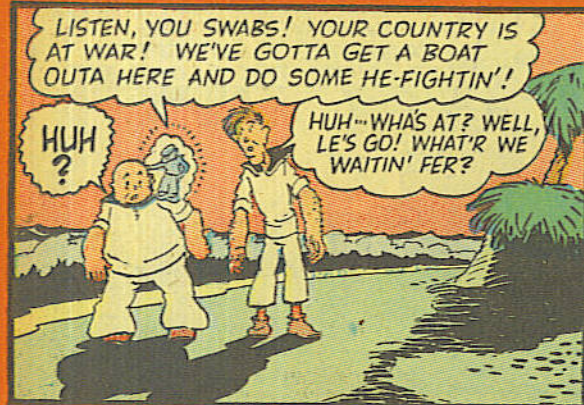
**ANOTHER  
PHANTOM  
SUB**  
IN EVERY  
ISSUE OF  
**BLUE BOLT  
COMICS!**



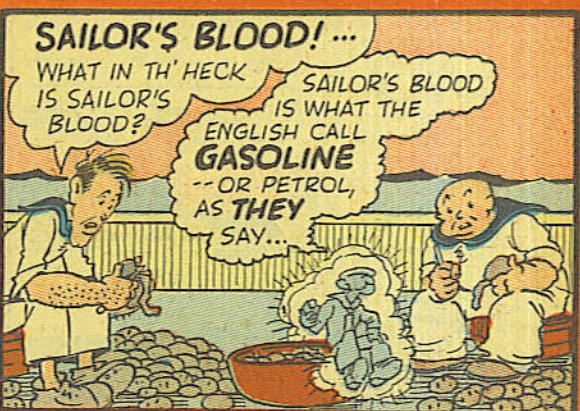
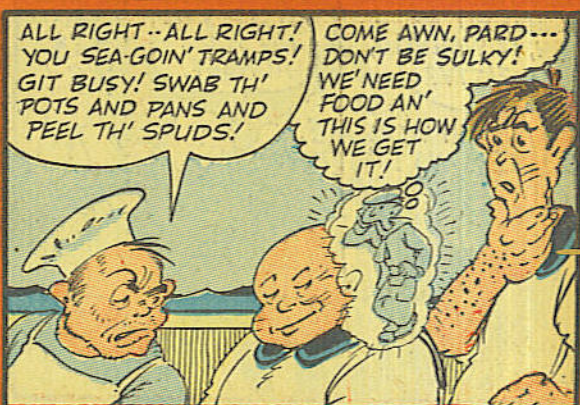
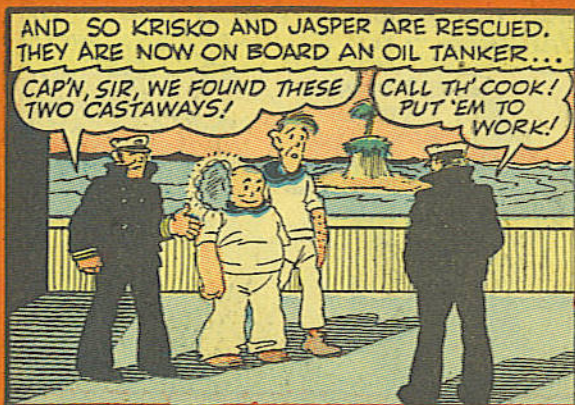
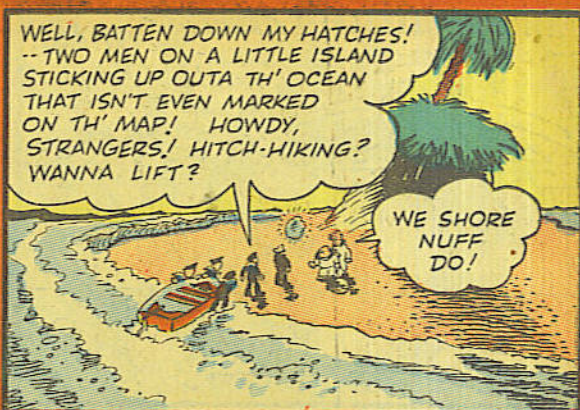
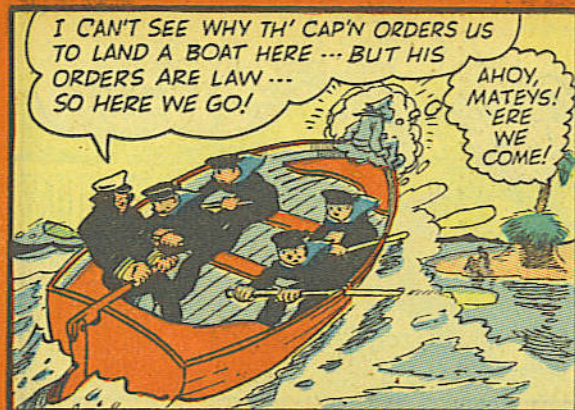
# KRISKO and JASPER

by JACK A. WARREN

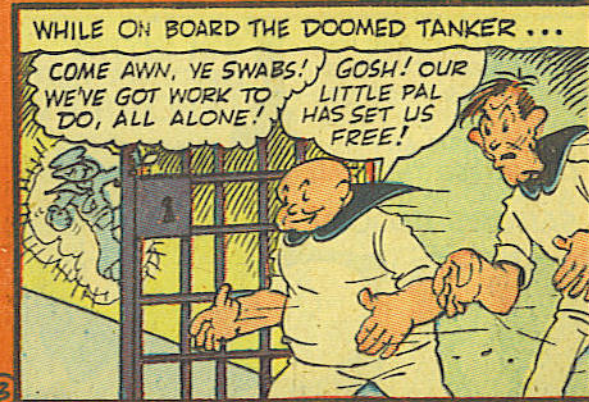
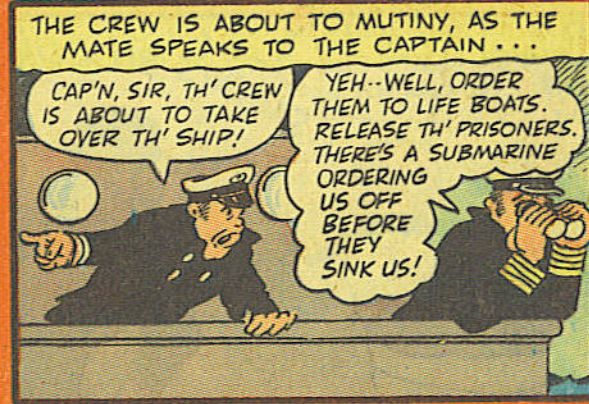
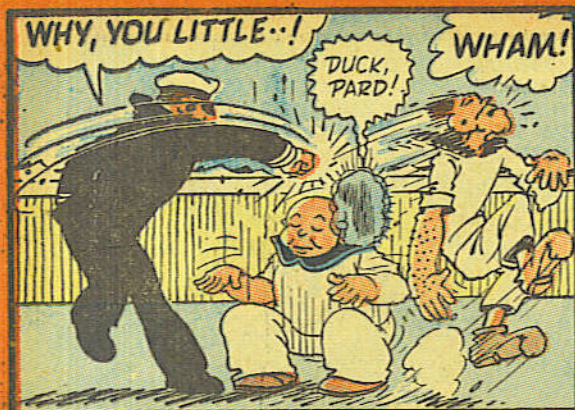
KRISKO AND JASPER HAVE BEEN TOSSED UP ON A SMALL ISLAND WHERE STRANGE THINGS HAVE HAPPENED. NOT THE LEAST OF THEM IS THE LITTLE SAILOR MAN WHOM THEY CAN'T SEE-AT-ALL! HE HAS ATTACHED HIMSELF TO KRISKO, RIDES ON HIS SHOULDER, AND SAYS THEY THREE WILL SEE THE WORLD TOGETHER ---



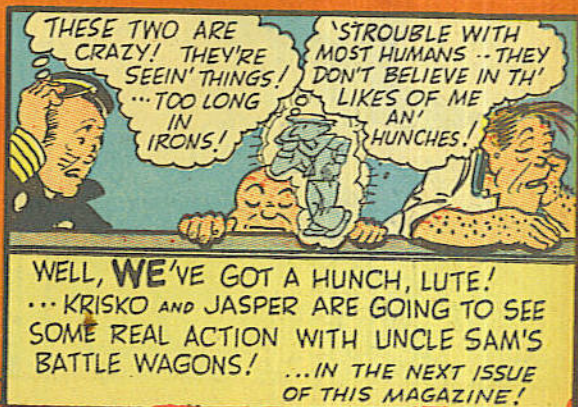
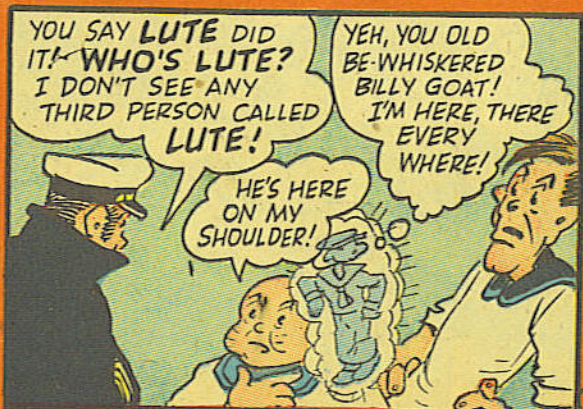
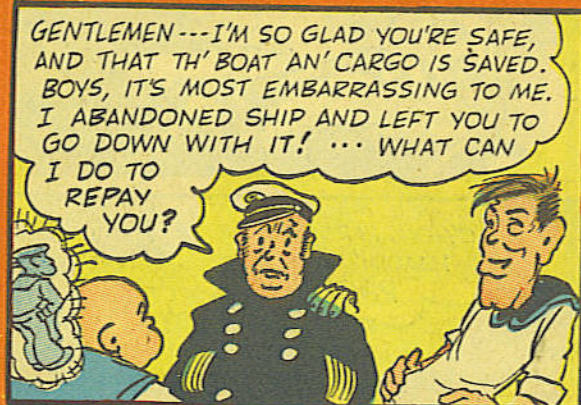
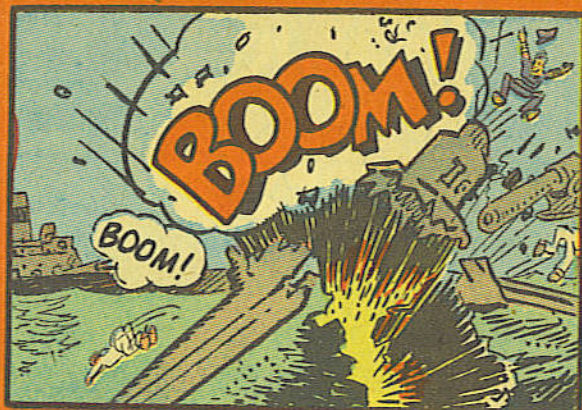
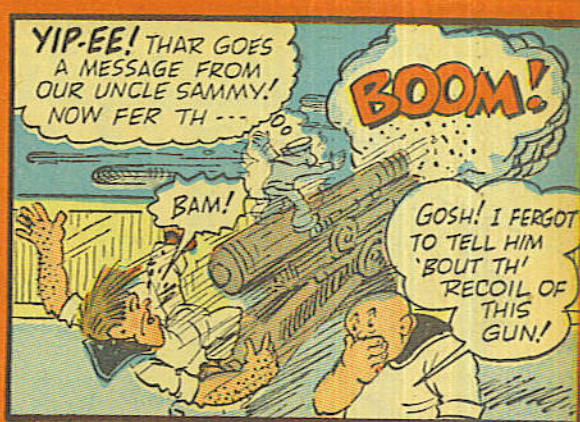






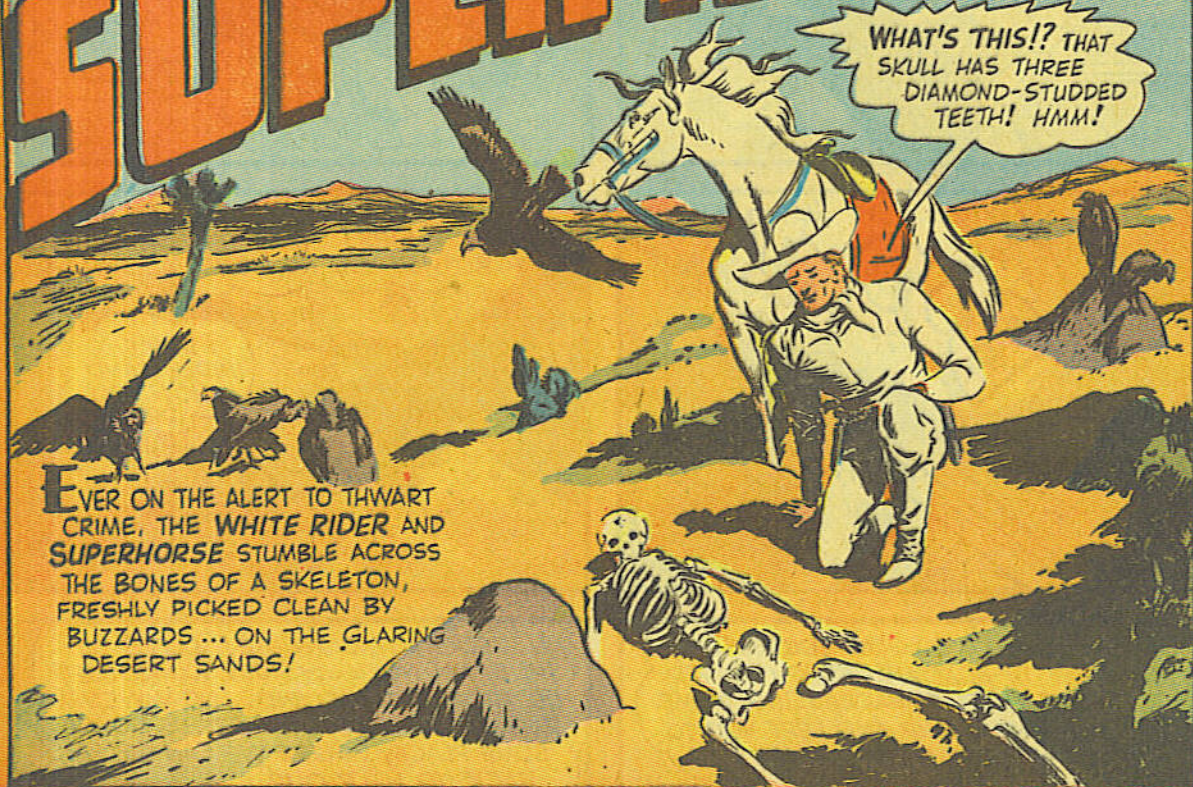








# The **WHITE RIDER** and **SUPER HORSE**



**E**VER ON THE ALERT TO THWART CRIME, THE **WHITE RIDER** AND **SUPERHORSE** STUMBLE ACROSS THE BONES OF A SKELETON, FRESHLY PICKED CLEAN BY BUZZARDS ... ON THE GLARING DESERT SANDS!

**SAY!** THIS MUST BE THE REMAINS OF OLD "DIAMOND" HANK, THE ONLY GUY THET LIVED IN THE GHOST TOWN! SOMETHIN'S FUNNY HERE!



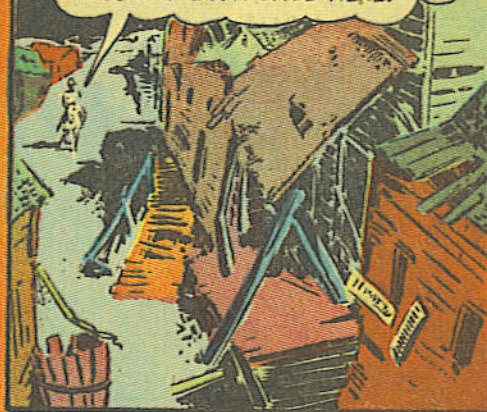
**C'MON, PARDNER, WE'RE HEADIN' THET WAY PRONTO!**





A FEW HOUR'S RIDE, AND SUPER-HORSE AND THE WHITE RIDER REACH THE GHOST TOWN.

SURE IS AN OLD PLACE! TH' BUILDINGS ARE FALLIN' TO PIECES! NO WONDER NOBODY EVER LIVES HERE!



SUDDENLY SUPERHORSE SMELLS THE GROUND. WHITE RIDER DISMOUNTS AND ---

HOSS TRACKS! SO THAT'S IT! THIS TOWN MUST NOT BE AS DESERTED AS IT SEEMS!

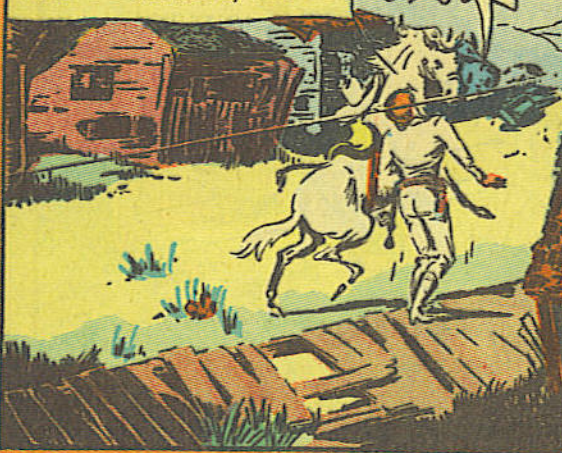


THE GHOSTS IN THIS TOWN NEED A LITTLE LOOKIN' INTO. THIS MUST HAVE SOMETHIN' T'DO WITH OLD HANK'S DEATH!



Suddenly... A SHARP CRACK BREAKS THE HEAVY STILLNESS, AND ...

OOH!



VILLAINOUS MEN RUSH OUT!

GRAB THET GUY!

LOOKOUT FER TH' HOSS!

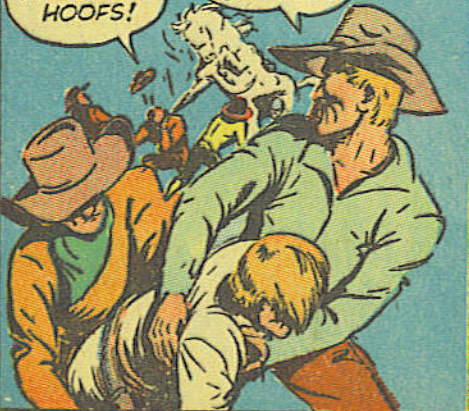
HE'S A DEVIL!



THE WHITE RIDER IS GRABBED AND DRAGGED INTO AN OLD HOTEL.

WATCH THAT HOSS'S HOOFS!

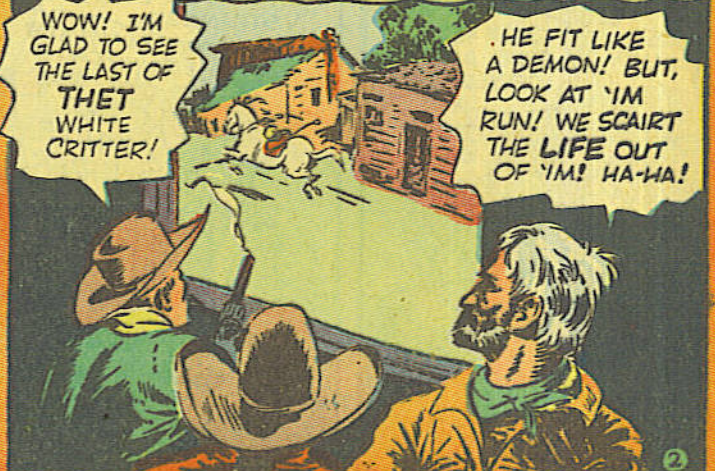
C'MON, MEN! KILL THE MANGY CRITTER!



BUT... SUPERHORSE PROVES TO BE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THEM AND GALLOPS OFF!

WOW! I'M GLAD TO SEE THE LAST OF THET WHITE CRITTER!

HE FIT LIKE A DEMON! BUT, LOOK AT 'IM RUN! WE SCAIRT THE LIFE OUT OF 'IM! HA-HA!





WHITE RIDER COMES TO ---

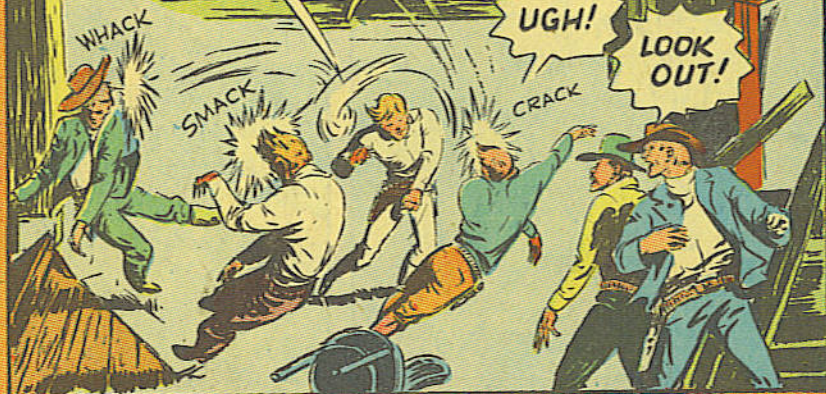
OUTLAWS! THAT'S WHY  
HANK DIED, SO'S THEY  
COULD HANG OUT HERE  
IN SAFETY!



--- AND LAUNCHES HIMSELF INTO THE MEN! ---

I'LL FIX YOU  
CROOKS!

HE'S GONE  
LOCO!



BUT THE OUTLAWS GO FOR THEIR GUNS!

PLAY WITH HOT  
LEAD, WILL YA?

SHOOT 'IM  
DOWN!

AHH!



COME ON, YA  
HOSS THIEVES!

AGGH!

YA DIRTY ---

I'M GITTIN'  
OUTA  
HERE!



THE FEW REMAINING BANDITS  
AT LAST SURRENDER...

EASY,  
PARD!

DROP YER  
GUNS, ALL  
OF YER!

OKAY!  
OKAY!



AT THAT MOMENT,  
THROUGH THE OLD  
HOTEL DOOR STEPS  
A STRANGER...

SAY WHAT'S  
GOING ON HE...?

THE  
WHITE  
RIDER!



MIKE MCGILL,  
THE OUTLAW  
KING!

GREETINGS,  
CHUM!

I SHOULD  
HAD YA KILLED  
THE LAST  
TIME WE  
MET!





THE OUTLAW COMES IN SLOWLY, THEN TURNS AND BOLTS UP THE STEPS TO THE BALCONY --



I KNOW BETTER THAN TO DRAW ON THET GUY!

THE RIDER LEVELS HIS GUNS, INTENDING TO SLOW UP THE OUTLAW AND FORCE HIM TO DRAW ... BUT THEY ARE EMPTY!



UH-OH!

RACING AFTER HIM, THE RIDER FINDS THE OUTLAW HAS REACHED THE FAR SIDE OF THE BALCONY --

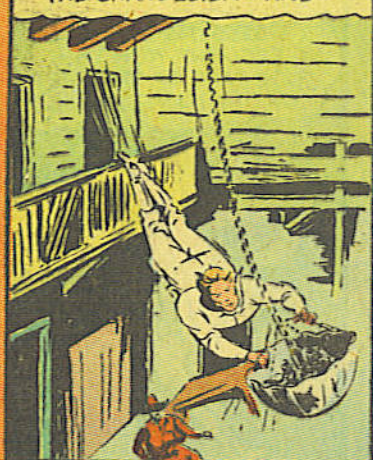


WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU MEN DOWN THERE? GET YOUR GUNS AND USE 'EM!

YOUR GUNS CAN'T BE RUSTY, MIKE! YOU USE 'EM ENOUGH!

PARRYING FOR TIME ... THE RIDER REACHES THE EDGE ... THEN ...

---LIKE A STREAK, THE RIDER LEAPS, GRABS THE CHANDELIER -- AND ---



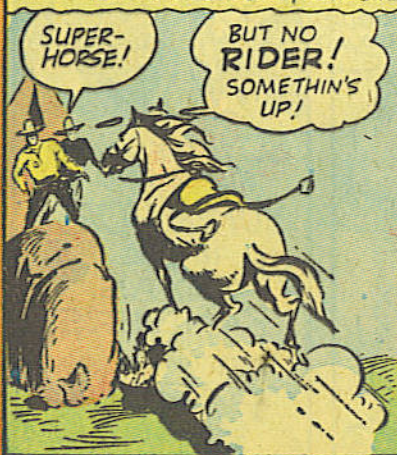
---WITH SHOTS FLYING AROUND HIM FROM BELOW, SWINGS TO THE OTHER SIDE!



BE RIGHT WITH YOU, MIKE!

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THET GUY MUST BE TRUE! I MUST GET AWAY! AHhh! THE WINDOW!

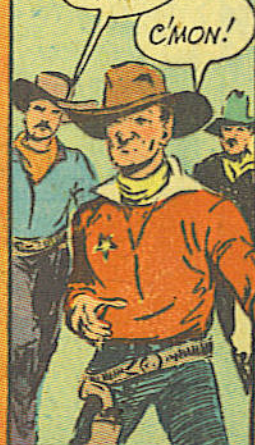
Meanwhile ... SUPERHORSE HAS RACED TO THE CAMP OF THE TEXAS RANGERS, NEARBY...



SUPER-HORSE!

BUT NO RIDER! SOMETHIN'S UP!

LOOK! HE WANTS US TO FOLLOW HIM!



C'MON!

MOUNTING QUICKLY, THE RANGERS FOLLOW THE FAMOUS "CLOUD"...



SAY, AREN'T WE HEADIN' FER TH' OL' GHOST TOWN?

SURE LOOKS LIKE IT! AT THE RATE THET HORSE IS GOIN', HE'LL LOSE US. SPUR, BOYS! SPUR!



BUT--BACK IN THE GHOST TOWN---



HE'LL NEVER CATCH ME NOW!

Then a piercing whistle from **WHITE RIDER**... WHISTLING "THREEEE!"



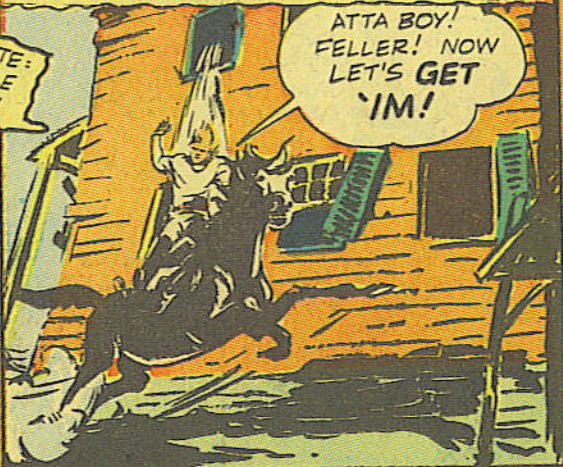
THR--!

THRE--!

THREEE!

EDITOR'S NOTE: TRY WHISTLE YOURSELF!

JUST IN TIME, **SUPER HORSE** RETURNS AND RUNS UNDER THE **WHITE RIDER**...WHO LEAPS FROM THE WINDOW TO HIS SADDLE, AND THE CHASE IS ON....



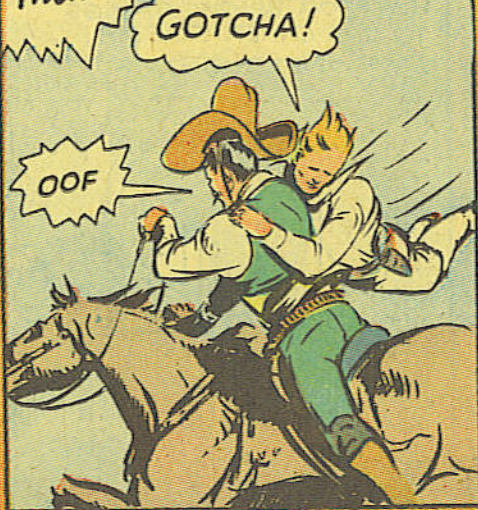
ATTA BOY! FELLER! NOW LET'S GET 'IM!

**SUPER HORSE'S** SUPERIOR SPEED CLOSES THE GAP!--



JUST A LITTLE BIT CLOSER--

Then...



GOTCHA!

OOF

**WHITE RIDER, MIKE** AND **SUPER HORSE** HEAD FOR TOWN --

I GUESS THE BOYS YA BROUGHT WITH YA TOOK CARE OF THE REST OF THE GANG, EH PAL?



NNEE!

MEANING: "YOU BET 'CHER BOOTS AN' SADDLES!"

The **RANGERS** HAVE PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THE REST, WHEN **WHITE RIDER** COMES IN.



HERE'S THE **KINGFISH**, BOYS!

NICE JOB, RIDER! YUH HARDLY LEFT A ONE FER US!

IMAGINE! --A WHOLE PACK OF OUTLAWS IN ONE HAUL!

THEY KILLED HANK SO'S THEY COULD USE THIS AS A SAFE HANGOUT, EH? SAAY! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN OUR OUTFIT? -- SURE COULD USE YOU!



GLADLY, SIR! YOU CAN COUNT ME IN!

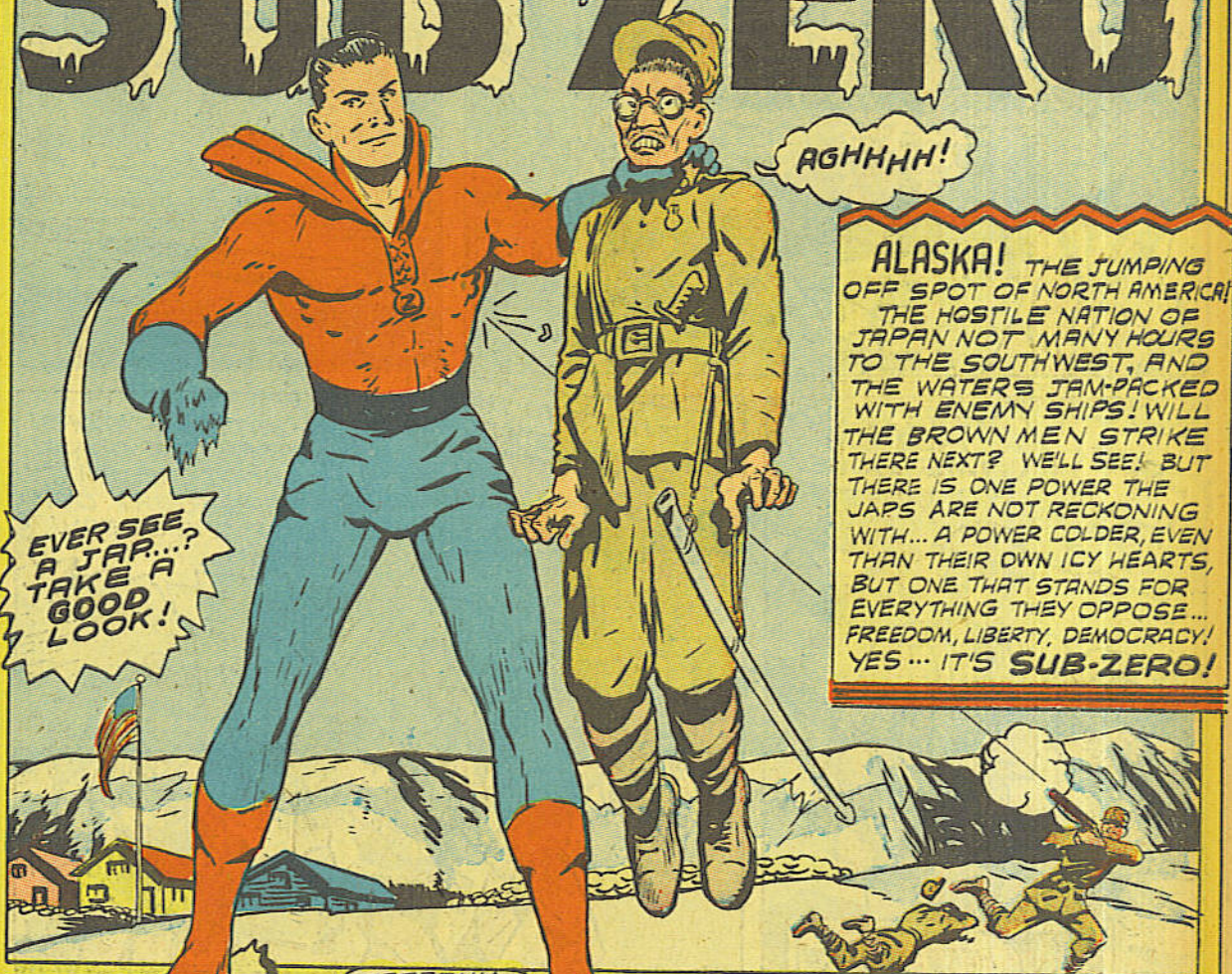


BOY! THE **WHITE RIDER** AND **SUPER HORSE** IN THE **TEXAS RANGERS!**

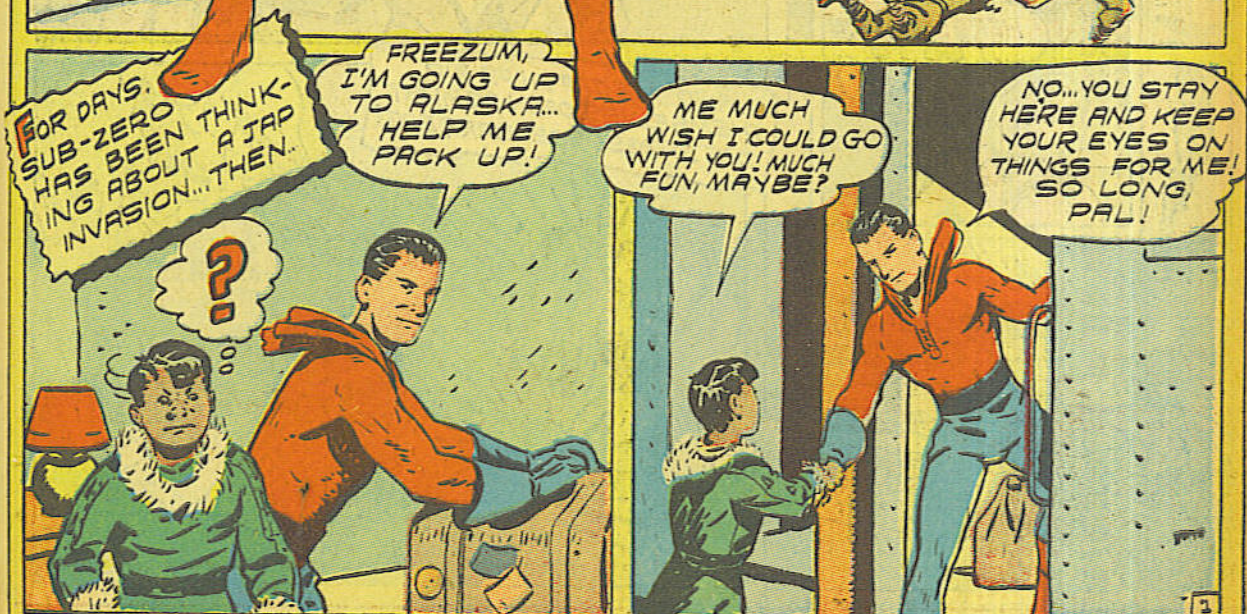
THERE WON'T BE A SAFE PLACE FOR CROOKS IN THE WEST OR **BLUE BOLT**, NOW!



# SUB-ZERO



**ALASKA!** THE JUMPING OFF SPOT OF NORTH AMERICA! THE HOSTILE NATION OF JAPAN NOT MANY HOURS TO THE SOUTHWEST, AND THE WATERS JAM-PACKED WITH ENEMY SHIPS! WILL THE BROWN MEN STRIKE THERE NEXT? WE'LL SEE! BUT THERE IS ONE POWER THE JAPS ARE NOT RECKONING WITH... A POWER COLDER, EVEN THAN THEIR OWN ICY HEARTS, BUT ONE THAT STANDS FOR EVERYTHING THEY OPPOSE... FREEDOM, LIBERTY, DEMOCRACY! YES... IT'S **SUB-ZERO!**





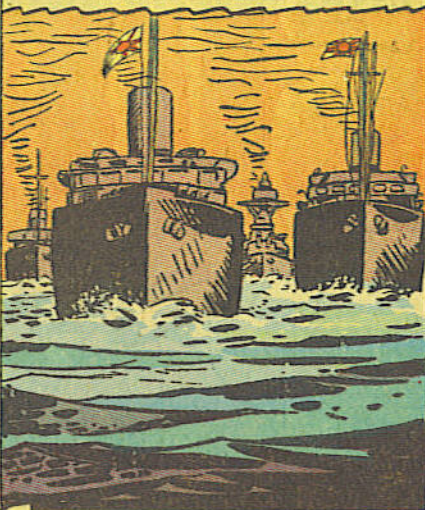
**ALASKA!**

**SUB-ZERO ARRIVES IN THE MIDDLE OF FEVERISH ACTIVITY!**

BOY! THINGS SURE ARE POPPING! LOOKS LIKE THE HEAT IS ON TO STOP AN INVASION, ALL RIGHT!



**THEN... A PIERCING SHRIEK OF A WARNING SIREN.....**



**JAPS!**

**WE'RE READY FOR 'EM THIS TIME!**



**HERE'S WHERE I GO TO WORK!**



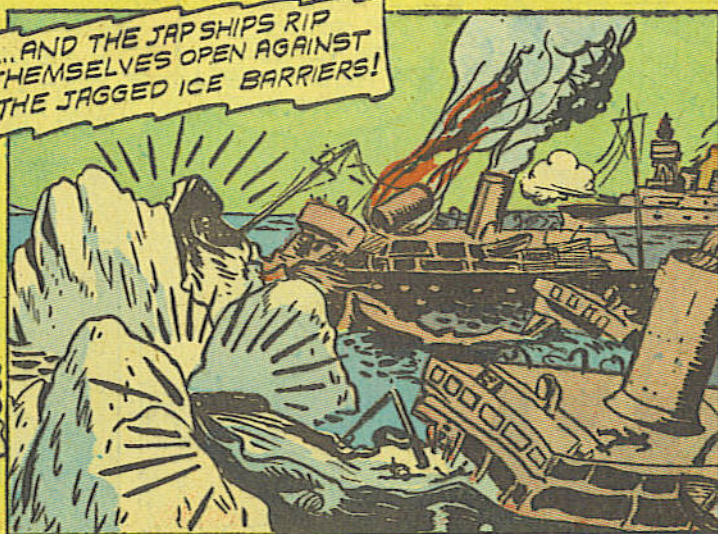
**QUICKLY, SUB ZERO FREEZES GREAT ICE CHUNKS!**

**MEN RACE TO THEIR ASSIGNED STATIONS!**



**BATTLE STATIONS! MAN THE GUNS! SHOOT THE RATTY JAPS RIGHT OUT OF THE OCEAN!**

**...AND THE JAP SHIPS RIP THEMSELVES OPEN AGAINST THE JAGGED ICE BARRIERS!**



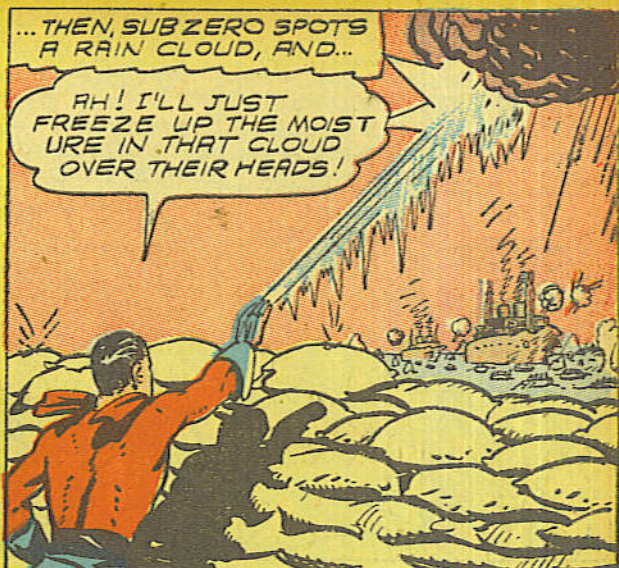


BUT STILL THEY  
COME ON... HORDES  
OF THEM...



...THEN, SUB ZERO SPOTS  
A RAIN CLOUD, AND...

AH! I'LL JUST  
FREEZE UP THE MOIST  
URE IN THAT CLOUD  
OVER THEIR HEADS!



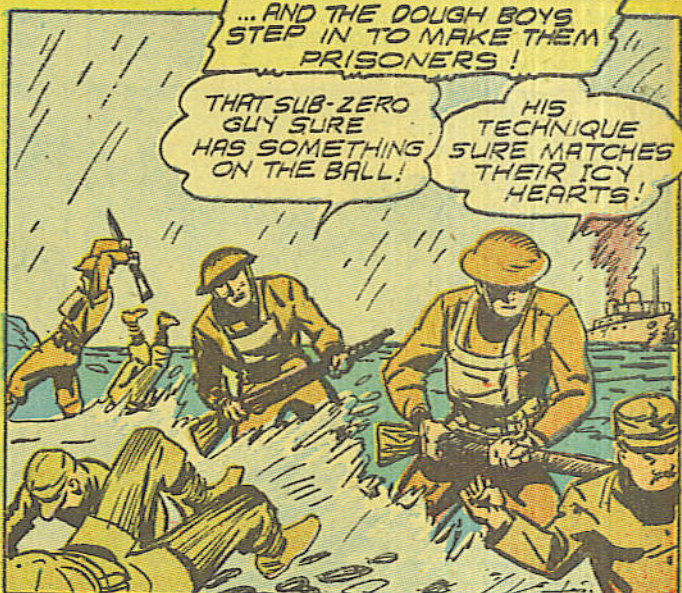
HAILSTONES AS BIG AS BASEBALLS  
DROP ONTO THE JAP RANKS!



...AND THE DOUGH BOYS  
STEP IN TO MAKE THEM  
PRISONERS!

THAT SUB-ZERO  
GUY SURE  
HAS SOMETHING  
ON THE BALL!

HIS  
TECHNIQUE  
SURE MATCHES  
THEIR ICY  
HEARTS!



WHEN THE HAZE  
OVER THE WATER  
IS SPLIT BY THE  
PROWS OF MORE JAP  
SHIPS WHICH EVADED  
THE "ICE BARRIER"

FALL BACK,  
MEN! TO  
THE WOODS!



OUTNUMBERED, THE AMERICANS RELUCTANTLY  
DROP BACK, WHILE THE JAPS TAKE THE  
BEACH...

WE NEED THAT  
HUMAN ICICLE  
AGAIN! I  
WONDER  
WHERE HE  
WENT!

FIX  
BAYONETS,  
MEN!  
ON THE  
DOUBLE!





MEANWHILE, WITH A SMALL DETACHMENT, SUB-ZERO HAS MADE ICE "BRICKS," OUT OF WHICH THE SOLDIERS HAVE MADE ICE "PILL BOXES"! SUB-ZERO IS CRUSTING THEM WITH ICE BLASTS!

THERE!

THAT'S GREAT!

-AND JUST IN TIME, FOR THE OTHERS HAVE FALLEN BACK TO CONCENTRATE FOR AN ATTACK!

SAY... WE CAN STAND 'EM OFF HERE, ALL RIGHT!

THESE THINGS ARE LIKE STEEL!

THEN, WITH THE LEFT-OVER ICE BRICKS, SUB-ZERO FASHIONS TOBOGGANS... COMPLETE WITH ICE RUNWAYS AIMED DIRECTLY AT THE ENEMY!

THEY'RE ALL YOURS, MEN! GO TO IT!

YIPPEE!

DOWN THE SMOOTH CHUTES THE AMERICANS SWOOP LIKE COMETS INTO THE JAPS -- SCATTERING THEM RIGHT AND LEFT!

PANG!

NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN SLAPPING JAPS!

PANG!

CRACK!

YAHOO!

RIGHT! --AND SLAP 'EM HARD!

BANG!

THE LEFT WING OF THE JAPS GOES TO PIECES... BUT THE FIGHT GOES ON! --EVEN AFTER THE LAST AMERICAN SHELL IS FIRED --- THEY USE THEIR BAYONETS AND THROW THE ICE BRICKS!

I USED TO PITCH FOR THE DODGERS! HERE GOES ANOTHER!

RUN, YA BEGGAR, RUN!

HMM! THE ODDS ARE GREAT, BUT NABBING THEIR COMMANDER OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!

HE STEALS INTO THE ENEMY LINES... BUT NEARING JAP HEADQUARTERS, HE HEARS.

JAP VOICES! COMING THIS WAY!

SUB-ZERO.... WORKING QUICKLY... CAMOUFLAGES HIMSELF BY FREEZING INTO AN ICY TOTEM POLE!

THIS BETTER WORK!

FORMING THE IMAGE ON TOP OUT OF ICE-CRUSTED SNOW.



HIS RUSE COMPLETELY  
FOOLS THE WILY JAPS!

WE MUST  
ATTACK ON THE  
NORTH SIDE  
AT ONCE...  
GET READY!

GOLLY!  
THAT'S THE  
COMMANDER  
HIMSELF!

ATTACK  
NOTHING! COME  
AND TAKE IT!

YEOW!  
4. 7.!

...I LEAVE  
NOW!

A SLAM-BANG FIGHT! ... BUT THE  
COWARDLY COMMANDER SLIPS OUT!

HAND OVER  
THOSE  
SWORDS!

UGG!

AIEE!

INFURIATED, THE JAP  
DECIDES TO HURRY  
THE ATTACK!

WONDER WHERE  
THE CHIEF  
DISAPPEARED  
TO?

PIG! I  
KILL HIM!

MEANWHILE...

I'LL STICK UP  
A SNOWMAN  
ARMY AND LET  
EM WASTE  
AMMUNITION  
ON 'EM!

HA! THEY LOOK  
REAL ALL RIGHT.  
SHAPED OUT OF  
SNOW... WITH A GOOD  
HARD ICE  
CRUST!

THEY ATTACK!  
-----SPOT THE  
FAKE ARMY AND  
FIRE AWAY..!

CRACK  
ZING  
BANG  
CHARGE  
THEM...  
KILL!



THEY RUSH THE  
SILENT FIGURES!...

WHY DON'T  
THEY MOVE?

RUSH  
THEM!

EXPECTING A RETREAT,  
THE JAPS RUSH... UNSEAT  
THE ICY STATUES... WHICH  
TOPPLE ONTO THEM FROM  
THE TREES! THEN.....

IN COME THE AMERICANS!

WHEE! I'VE  
BEEN WAITING  
FOR THIS!

IT'S THE  
WORKS  
THIS TIME!

CRACK

THEN SUB-ZERO CRASHES  
INTO THE JAP COMMANDER'S  
IGLOO!

ONE SIDE,  
PUNK!

THE PLACE IS FILLED  
WITH GUARDS! THEY LEVEL  
THEIR GUNS AND FIRE!

THOSE GUNS  
WON'T HELP  
YOU ANY!

THE BULLETS BOUNCE  
OFF SUB-ZERO'S PROTECT-  
IVE ICE CASING!

AGAIN THE JAP CHIEF MAKES  
A DASH FOR FREEDOM...  
LEAVING HIS AIDES TO FIGHT  
IT OUT!

SHOOT AT  
ME, EH?



..THE JAP JUMPS INTO A DOGSLED  
AND WHIZZES OFF...

MUSH! AWAY  
FROM  
HERE!

BUT...

SMART GUY, EH?  
THIS'LL BE  
EASY!

SUB-ZERO FREEZES  
SKIIS OF ICE TO  
HIS FEET, AND  
PICKS UP A LENGTH  
OF ROPE LYING NEAR  
THE JAP'S IGLOO, THEN...

ZIPS DOWNHILL AFTER THE JAP!  
SUB-ZERO BRINGS INTO PLAY HIS  
PROWESS AT ROPING WHICH HE  
LEARNED FROM FREEZUM!

I SHOULD HAVE  
BEEN A  
COWBOY!

NOW, CALL OFF YOUR  
MEN OR I'LL FREEZE YOU  
ALL INTO A FLOCK OF  
STATUES!

WILL DO! DON'T  
KILL ME!

THE FRIGHTENED AND  
DISORGANIZED JAPS  
ARE HERDED ONTO A  
HUGE CAKE OF ICE...

GET A GUARD!  
THESE JAPS  
ARE YOUR  
PRISONERS!

WOW!  
YES  
SIR!

...UNTIL THE GUARDS DRIVE  
THEM, LIKE SHEEP, INTO THE  
NEARBY PRISON CAMP!

THAT'S THE  
LAST OF  
THEM!

RIGHT!

YOU SURE SAVED  
THE DAY,  
SUB-ZERO!  
MANY THANKS!

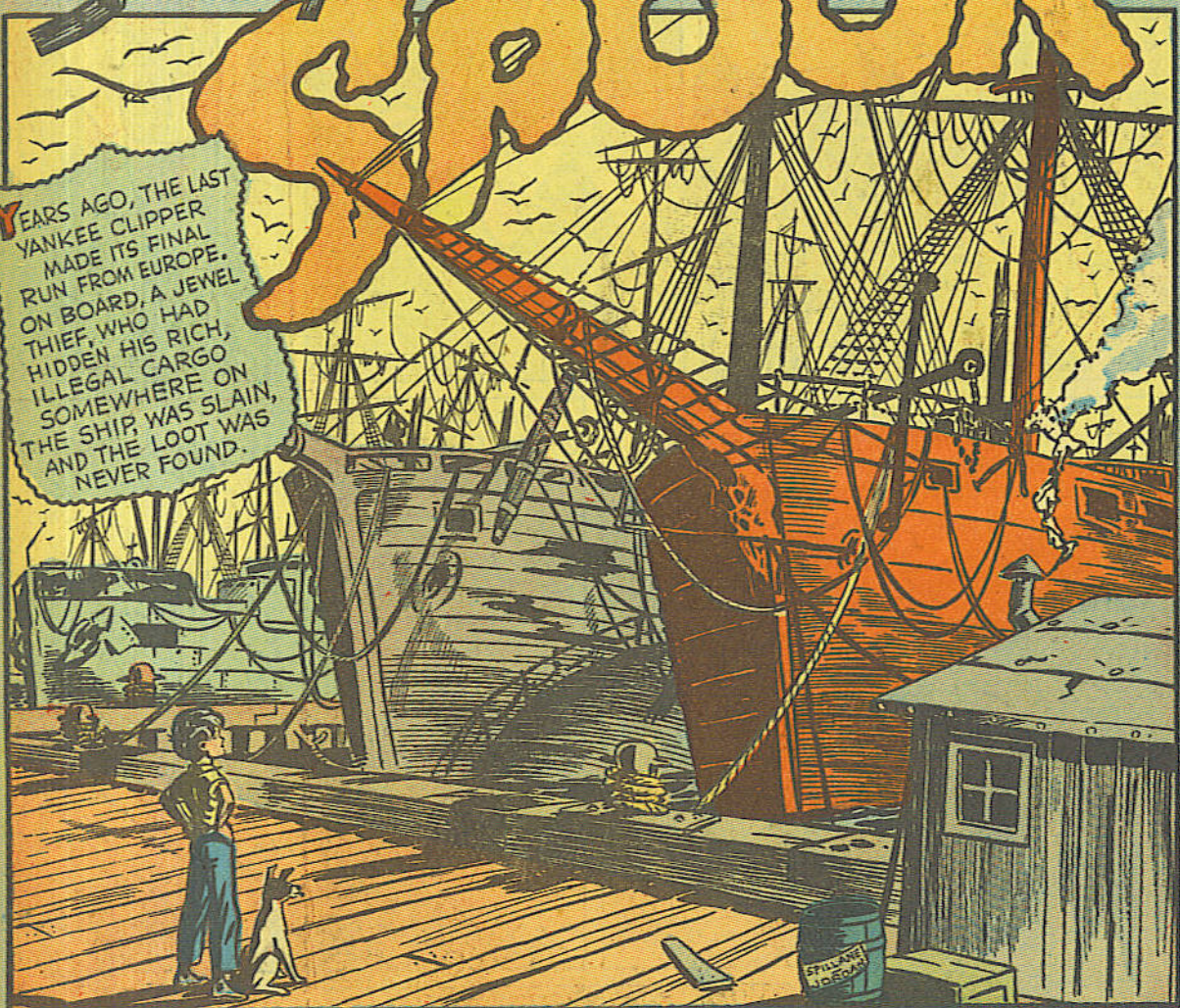
GLAD TO  
HELP, SIR!  
IT WAS  
WORTH IT!

SUB-ZERO  
COMES BACK WITH ANOTHER  
AMAZING ADVENTURE  
in THE NEXT  
**Blue Bolt!**



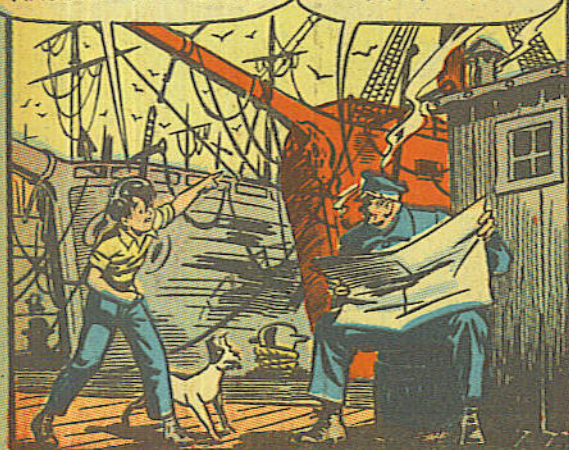
# Sergeant Spook

YEARS AGO, THE LAST YANKEE CLIPPER MADE ITS FINAL RUN FROM EUROPE. ON BOARD, A JEWEL THIEF, WHO HAD HIDDEN HIS RICH, ILLEGAL CARGO SOMEWHERE ON THE SHIP, WAS SLAIN, AND THE LOOT WAS NEVER FOUND.



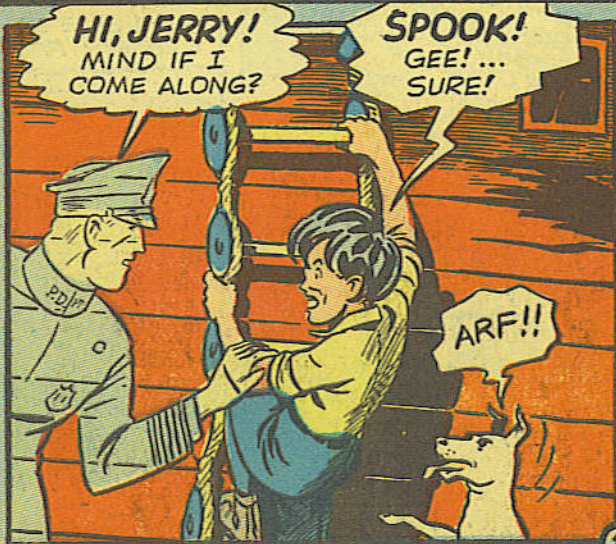
SAY, MISTER, COULD I TAKE A LOOK AROUND THAT SHIP?

WAL... SURE! BUT BE CAREFUL! IT'S PRETTY OLD!



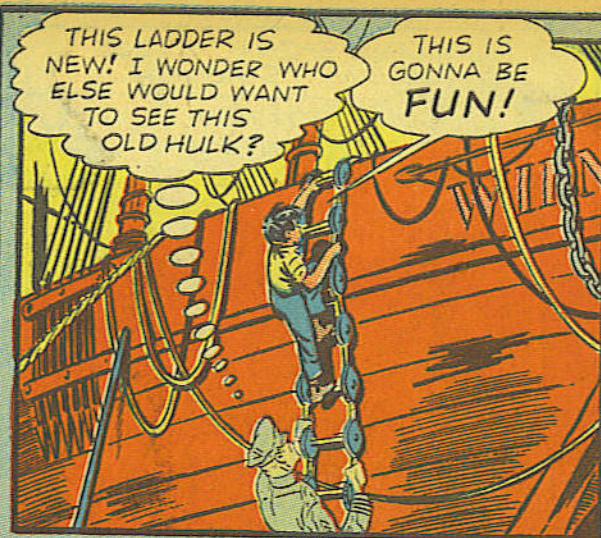
HI, JERRY! MIND IF I COME ALONG?

SPOOK! GEE! ... SURE!



ARF!!





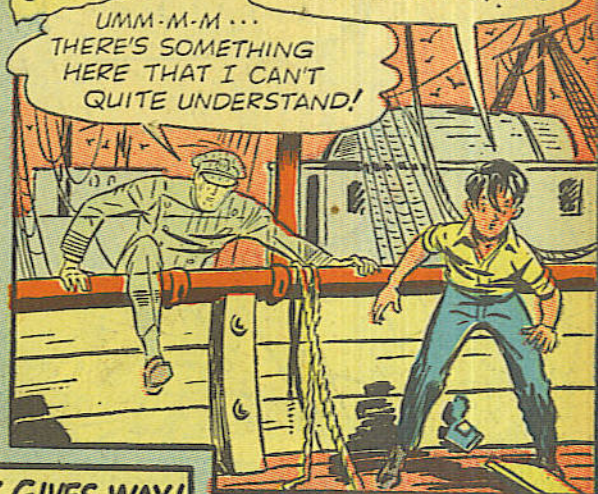
THIS LADDER IS NEW! I WONDER WHO ELSE WOULD WANT TO SEE THIS OLD HULK?

THIS IS GONNA BE FUN!

ON DECK...

GOLLY! ... SURE IS CREEPY LOOKING, EH?

UMM-M-M... THERE'S SOMETHING HERE THAT I CAN'T QUITE UNDERSTAND!



AS JERRY STEPS FORWARD --- THE DECK GIVES WAY!

LET'S LOOK AROUND'... OOPS!

WATCH OUT!



CREAK!

OOF!!



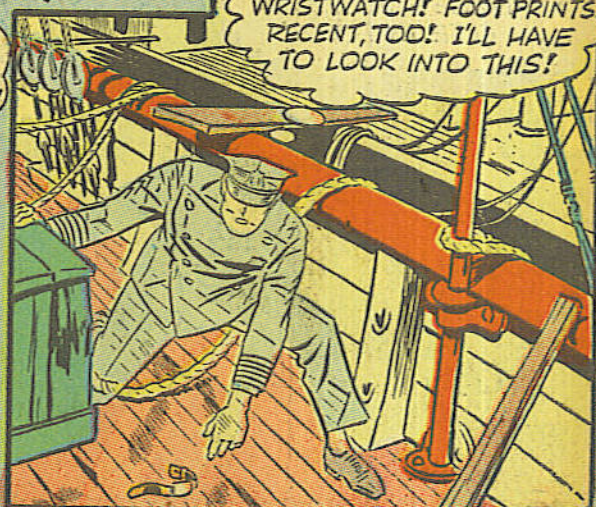
THUD!

I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND A LADDER... STICK AROUND!

WHEW! THERE YOU ARE! IT'S SURE DARK HERE!



WHAT'S THIS? A WRISTWATCH! FOOT PRINTS! RECENT, TOO! I'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS!





But... JERRY, RUMMAGING AROUND, HAS FOUND A LARGE, OLD FASHIONED SHIP'S CANDLE IN ONE OF THE OLD CABINS.

AHH... THIS IS BETTER! ... GEE! WHAT A PLACE!

BUT SERGEANT SPOOK DECIDES TO FOLLOW HIS HUNCH...

I'M GOING TO TRAIL THOSE FOOTPRINTS AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

SO, THIS IS THE SPOT!

THE FOOTPRINTS LEAD --- INTO AN OLD, DARK CABIN...

BLACKIE DEXTER AND HIS MUGS! ... AND THIS SHIP! ... NOW I REMEMBER THAT OLD STORY! THESE GUYS MUST BE WAITING FOR NIGHT-FALL!

HEY! MY WATCH! HAND IT OVER!

HEY! IT MOVED! THERE'S SOMEBODY ELSE IN HERE!

FRIGHTENED, THE MEN FIRE WILDLY TOWARD THE LUMINOUS GLOW OF THE WATCH!

BOY! ARE THOSE MONKEYS GREEN!...

WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN HERE?

WOW! GHOSTS!

WHAT TH..?



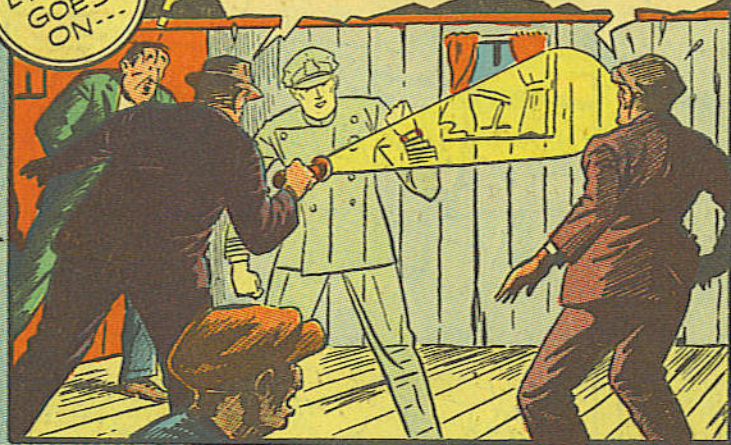
A FLASH-LIGHT GOES ON--?

HELP! IT-- IT IS A GHOST!

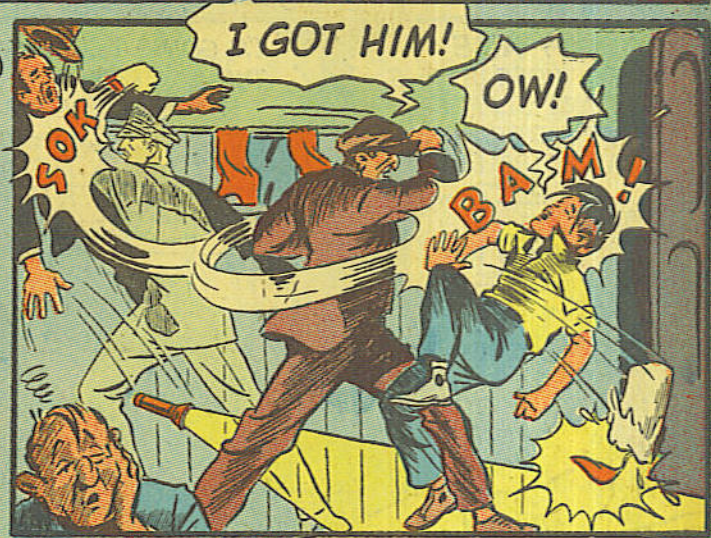
G-GOSH!

Just then-

WHO...?



COME BACK HERE, YOU!



I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!

...NOT SCARED, ARE YOU?

ME, TOO!

SPOOK! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

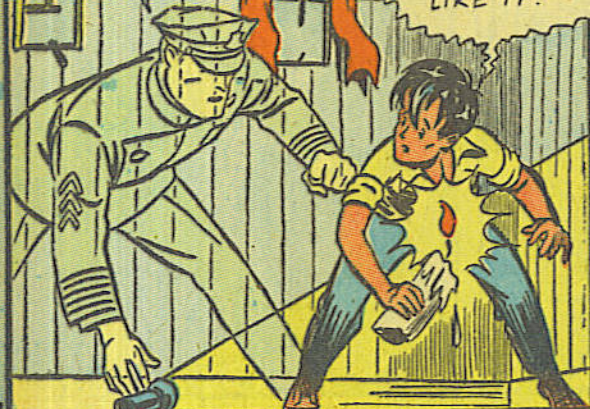


BOY! LOOK AT 'EM RUN!



LET'S FOLLOW THOSE GUYS AND SEE IF THEY'RE UP TO WHAT I THINK THEY ARE!

OKAY, SPOOK! BUT I DON'T LIKE IT!



SO, THEY ARE AFTER THOSE JEWELS THAT ARE SUPPOSED TO BE HIDDEN ON BOARD THIS SHIP!

I'M GOING DOWN AFTER THEM, JERRY. YOU STAY HERE ON GUARD!

A-A-ALL RIGHT!



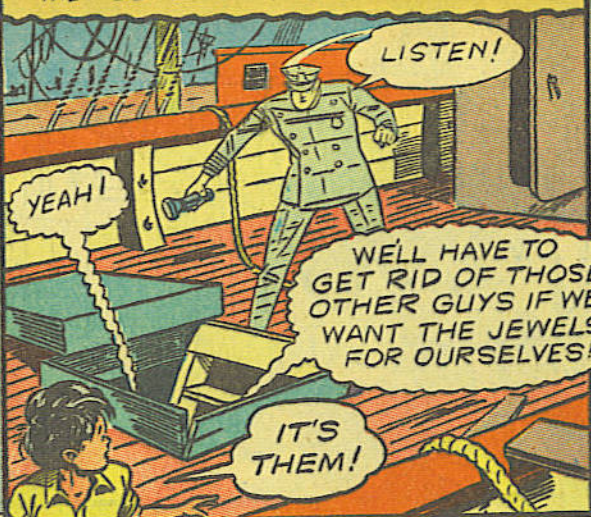
THEY COME TO AN OPEN HATCHWAY...

LISTEN!

YEAH!

WE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF THOSE OTHER GUYS IF WE WANT THE JEWELS FOR OURSELVES!

IT'S THEM!



A MINUTE LATER...

--SPY, EH!

ARR-R!

BOP!



THE GUARD HURRIES DOWN AND GRABS THE UNCONSCIOUS JERRY...

WE'LL SEE WHAT THE CHIEF HAS TO SAY ABOUT YOU!





IN A LOWER CABIN ...

HUH! TOSS HIM IN THE CORNER!

LOOK WHAT I FOUND!

HEY, CHIEF, THE KID'S AWAKE!

W-WHAT HIT ME?

SO... HOW MANY'S WITH YA?

NO ONE!  
YOU WERE HITTING EACH OTHER IN THE DARK... WHATCHA DOIN' HERE, ANYWAY?

HA! HA! IMAGINE FIGHTIN' OURSELVES!

WELL, NOBODY'S GONNA KEEP US FROM THOSE JEWELS THAT ARE HIDDEN ON THIS TUB, 'CAUSE WE'VE GOT A MAP!

OH YEAH!

WHEN WE GET THE STUFF, WE'LL TAKE CARE O' YOU!

QUIET!  
I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THIS IN A MINUTE!

QUICKLY THE SPOOK FREES JERRY AND THEY FOLLOW.

HAND ME THAT SHEET!

WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO?

DRAPED IN A SHEET, SERGEANT SPOOK ENTERS.

WOW!  
GHOSTS!

GHOSTS NOTHIN'!  
I'LL SHOW YA!

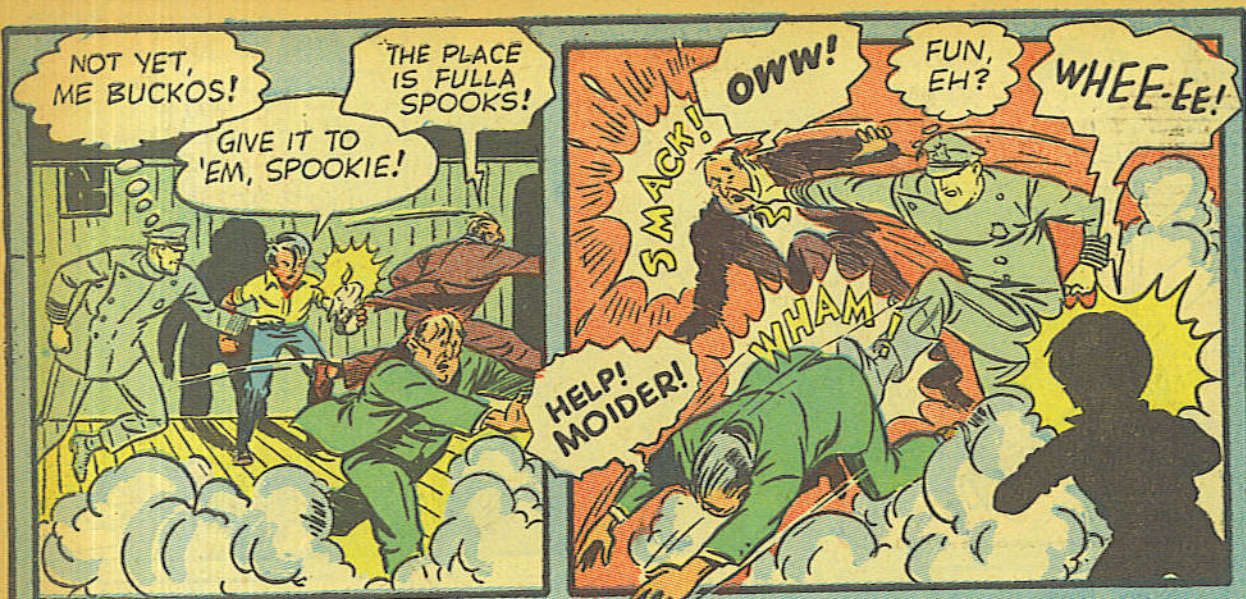
THE CHIEF RIPS THE SHEET OFF AND FINDS...

NOTHING!

GIMME ROOM!

LEMME OUTTA HERE!

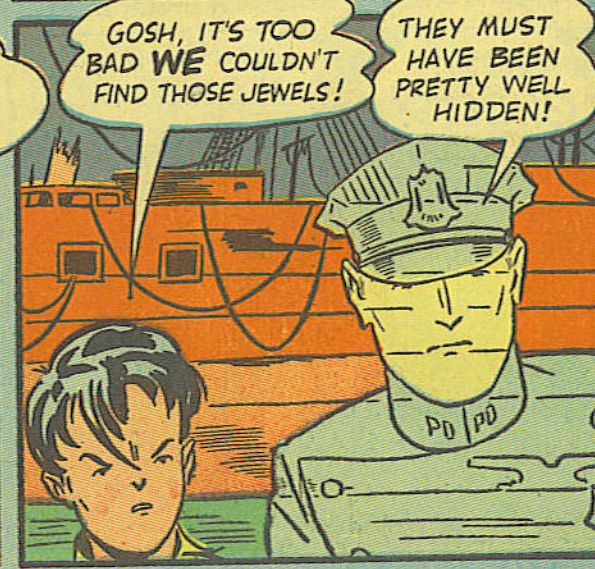
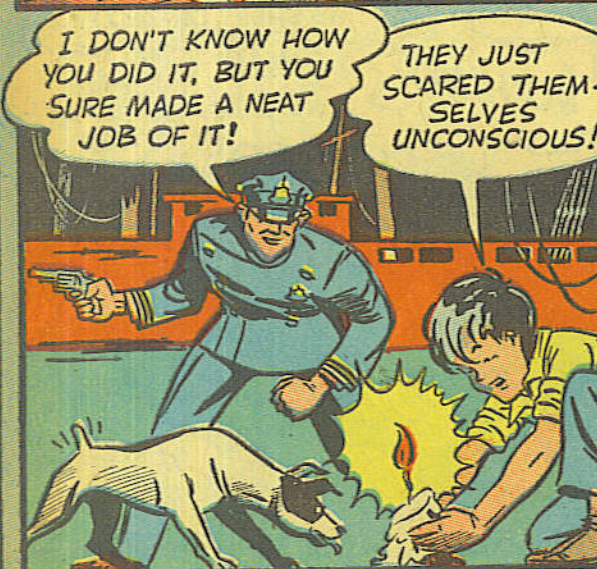
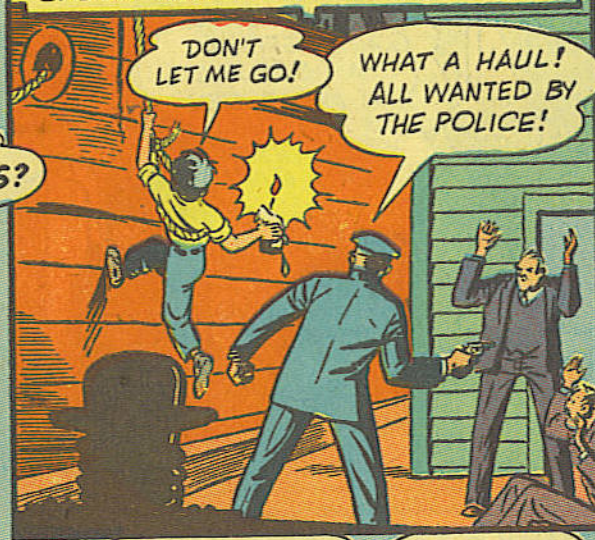




DISPOSING OF THE MEN, SERGEANT SPOOK THROWS THEM TO THE DOCK...

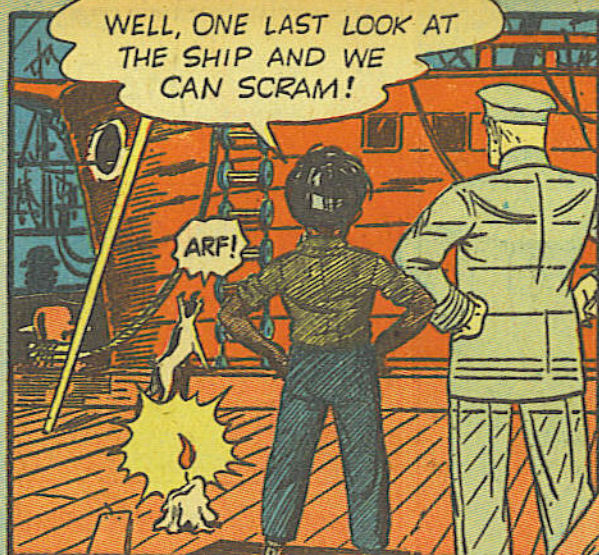


"SPOOK" HELPS JERRY TO THE DOCK...





WELL, ONE LAST LOOK AT  
THE SHIP AND WE  
CAN SCRAM!

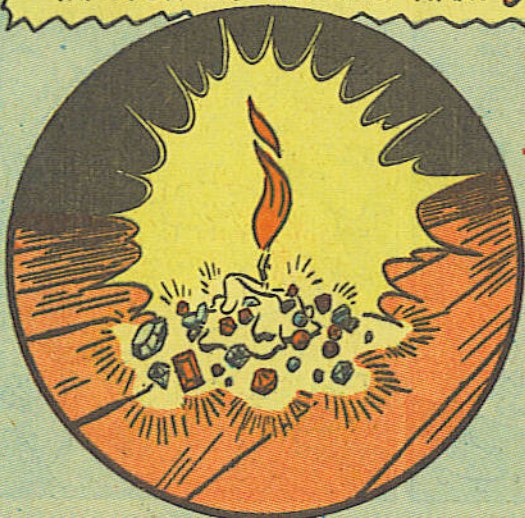


SUDDENLY JERRY NOTICES THE  
BURNING CANDLE ...

SPOOK! LOOK!  
THE CANDLE!

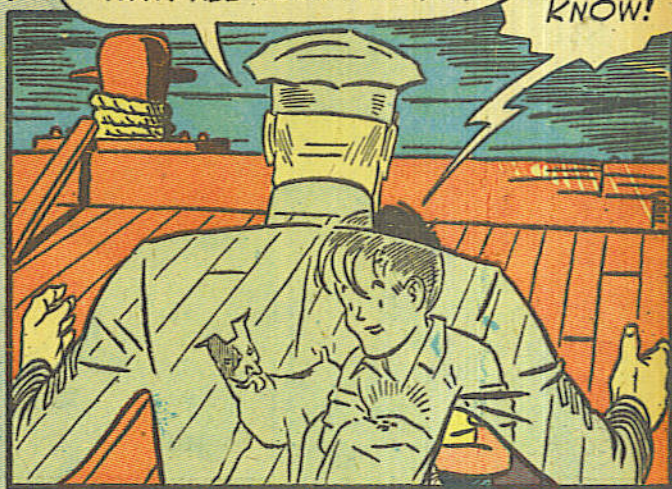
I WELL,  
I'LL BE...!

SLOWLY PRECIOUS STONES SHINE  
THROUGH THE MELTING WAX!



WHAT A HIDING PLACE!  
WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO  
WITH ALL YOUR MONEY?

GEE!  
I DON'T  
KNOW!



JERRY, YOU'RE RICH!  
THERE'LL BE A REWARD  
FOR THESE STONES!

GOLLY!



GEE! JUST  
IMAGINE ... I HAD  
THAT CANDLE WITH  
ME ALL THE TIME!

WELL, IT  
WAS A  
GOOD PLACE  
TO HIDE "HOT"  
STUFF!



"HOT STUFF!"

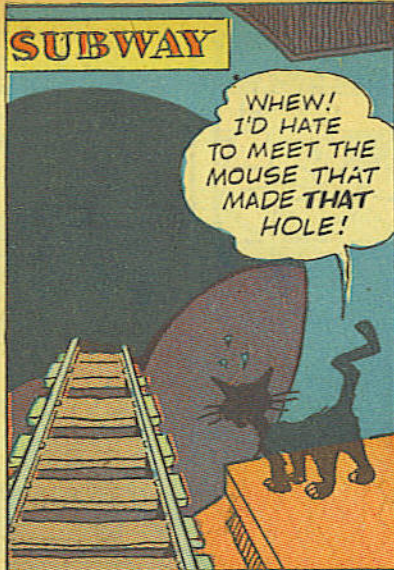
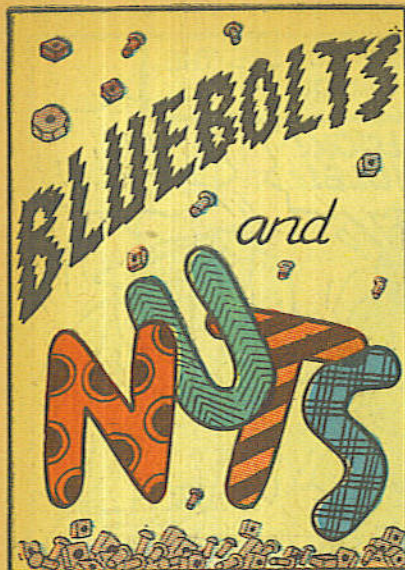
-- THAT'S WHAT  
YOU'LL ALL SAY  
ABOUT THE  
NEXT

SERGEANT  
**SPOOK**

IN  
NEXT  
MONTH'S

**BLUE BOLT!**





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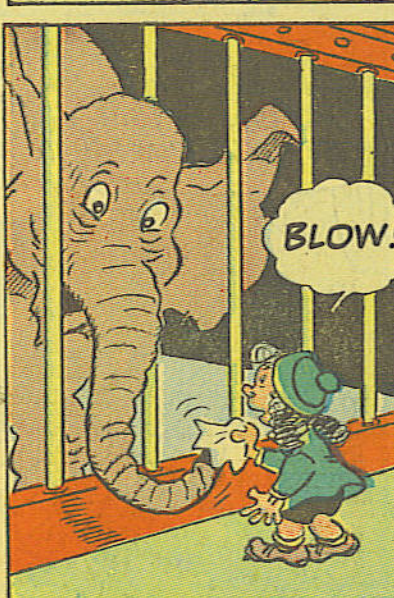
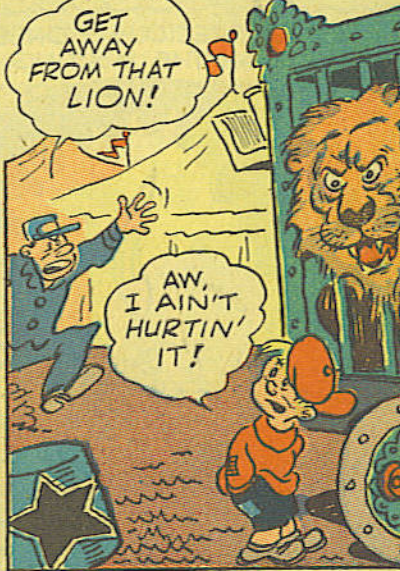
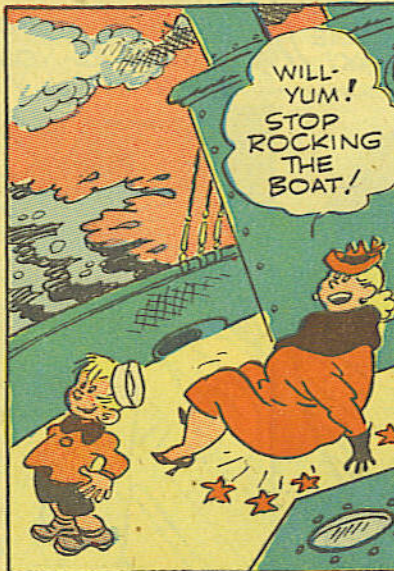
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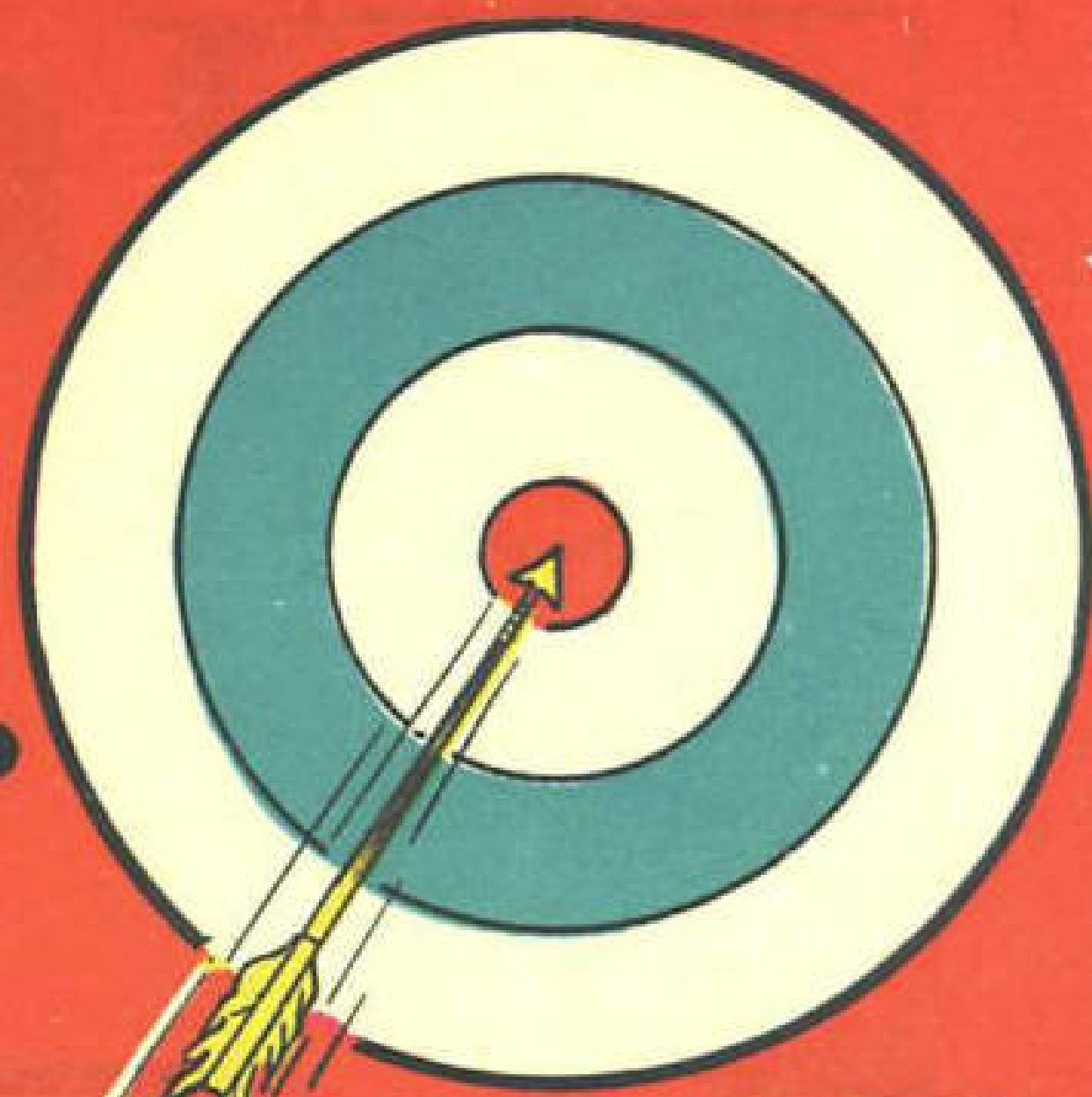
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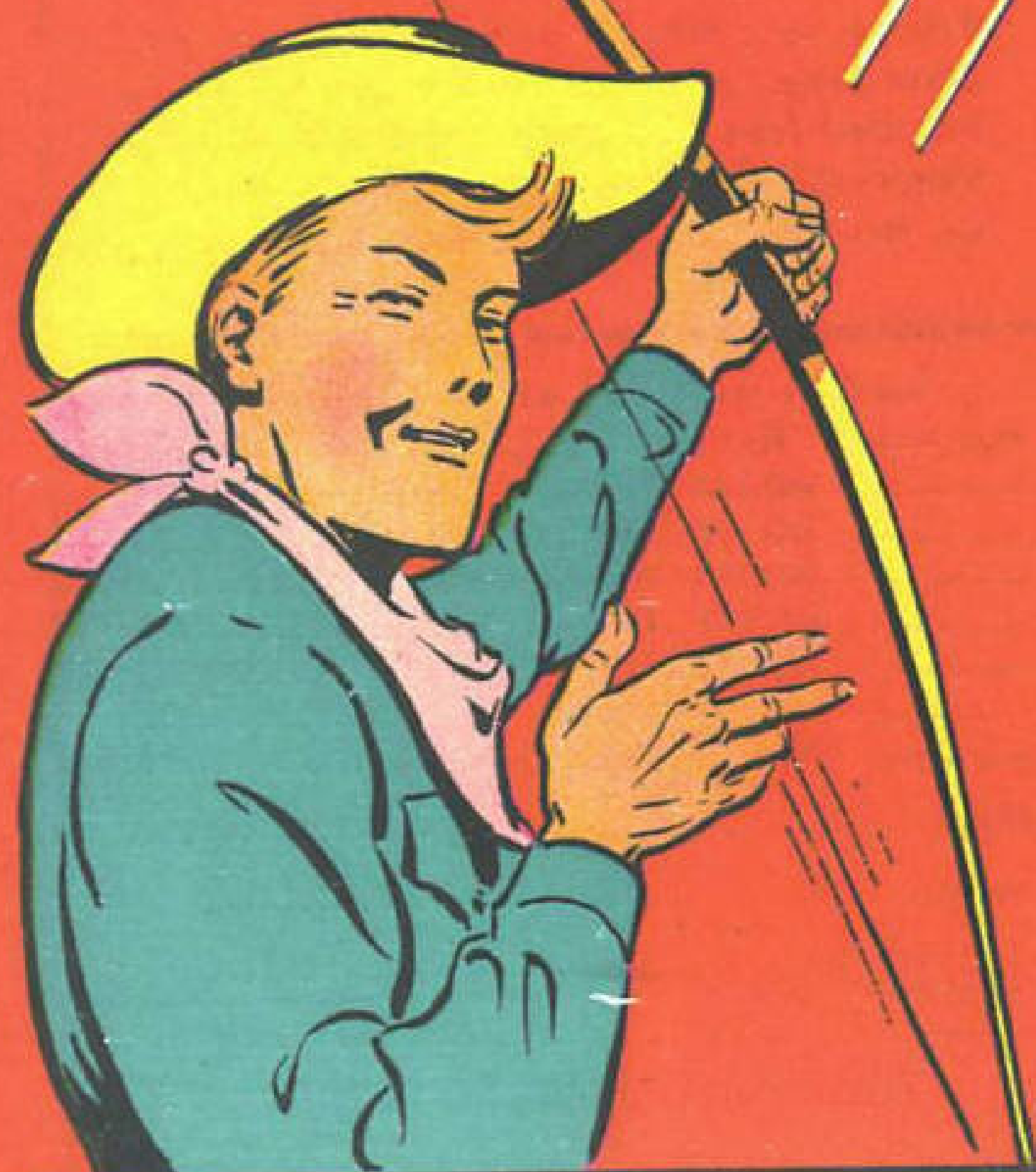
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